

WORONI

May 29, 1997 • Volume 49 Number 5 • Free

anu's funky squad



boot scootin' fun

indonesian students under pressure

beer: what's in a name?

unibar



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+ NANCY VANDAL

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SAT 31 MAY
SEMANTIC + INEXTREMISTS
+ CRANE NO 6 + RAGE WAR

FRI 06 JUNE
LITMUS + BUFFTUNDREL
+ SMEG

SAT 07 JUNE
SOUL CRUSHER
+ PSYCHRIST + CRYOGENIC

THU 12 JUNE TICKETS ON SALE
JONATHAN RICHMAN

FRI 13 JUNE TICKETS ON SALE
FUGAZI ALL AGES

SAT 14 JUNE
GILGAMESH

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ANU Oxford Exchange Program



The International Education Office invites applications from later year/Honours Australian National University undergraduate and postgraduate students to participate in the exchange program with The University of Oxford for the 1998 academic year.

Successful applicants will be required to enrol as full time students at the ANU for the period they will be away.

Applications for the Oxford ANU Exchange Program close Monday 16 June 1997.

For further information and application details please contact the International Education Office, Lower Ground Floor, Chancelry Annex. Telephone 249 4643, Fax 249 5550, Email: <Head.IEO@anu.edu.au>



peer pressure

13 When Indonesian students come to Australia, they are faced with a culture very different from their own. ANU student WATON BAGASKARA writes about coming to terms with the pressures placed on Indonesian students by their society and government.

who you gonna call?

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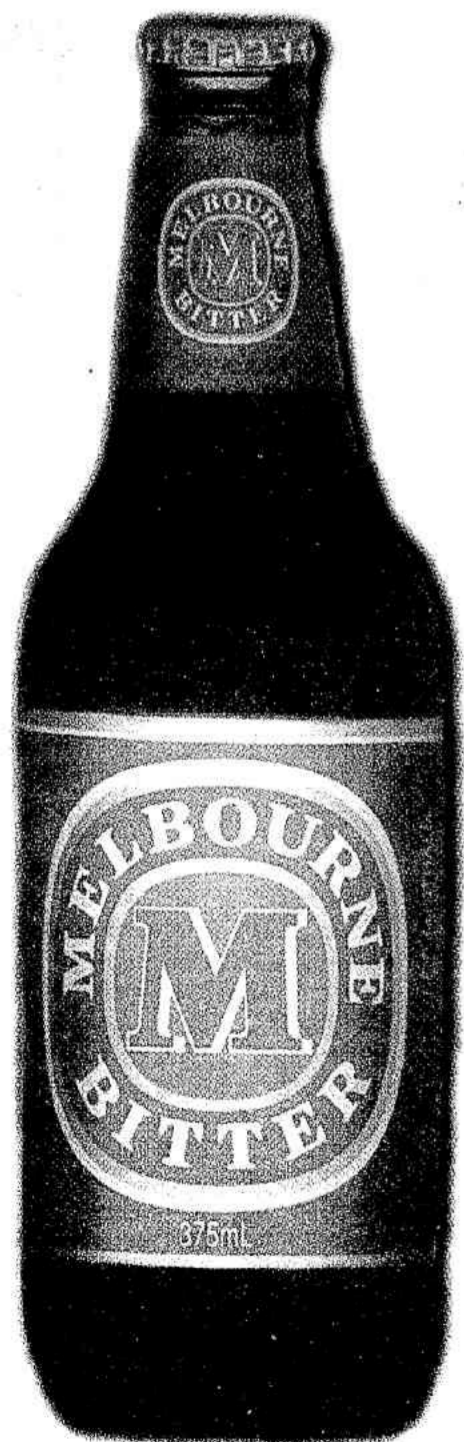
a beer by any other name

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COVER: ANU Security gets funky — thanks very much to Security staff for being so cooperative. photo: Nick Shaw

WORONI

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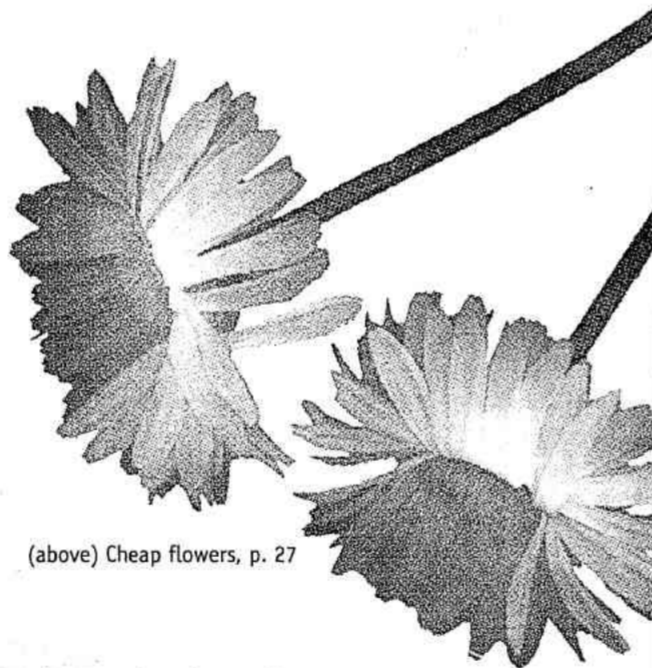
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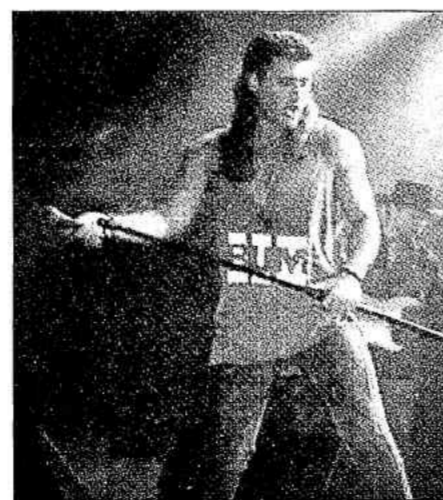
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(above) Billy Ray Cyrus in a 'BUM' T-shirt. Does it get any better than this? p. 28

FIRST UP Ghostbusters! • t

Thursday
29
MAY

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149 Do not confuse the pleasure of pleasing with the happiness of loving — Coco Chanel

1997

Calendar

MAY

- 29 **Telek** performing at Tilley's
- 30 **Funky Acid Afro Lounge** Birthday Bash at the UniBar
- till 31 **The Winter's Tale** presented by the Bell Shakespeare Company at the Canberra Theatre


JUNE

- 4 **World Environment Day Debate:** 'Are Governments stuffing up the Planet'. MC — Wendy Harmer at the National Press Club
- 5 **Jellybabies Film Night;** Physics G6 at 7.30pm
- 6-8 **CADS production workshop** for *Lysistrata*
- 16-21 **The Gershwin's Porgy and Bess** at the Canberra Theatre
- 18 **Information session** for those interested in becoming a Life Line/Youthline volunteer; 7.30 at Pilgram House. For info ring 247 0655
- 19 **'The Implication of our Drug Laws';** a talk by Dr. Stephen Mugford; 8pm at St Ninian's Uniting Church Hall, Lyneham
- 20 Entries close for the **Southern Cross Package Design Awards**
- 21 **Winter Solstice Masquerade Ball** at Albert Hall
- 28 **The Australian Stock Exchange's Annual Share Day** at the National Convention Centre, 10 till 4
- till 29 **National Aboriginal & Torres Strait Islander Art Award** on show at the Drill Hall Gallery

JULY

- 9-10 **National Education Conference** at the Uni of Adelaide
- 16-20 **ANU Chess Festival;** various venues
- 16-19 **Picasso at the Lapin Agile** by Steve Martin, at the Canberra Theatre
- 17 **Powderfinger** in the Refectory

Celebrity Look-alike



A reluctant winner, Damian was dobb'd into Celebrity Look-Alike by his housemate, who noticed he kept disappearing in his Aston-Martin and bringing home toothpaste that doubled as dynamite. Determined to get to the bottom of the mystery, she discovered his laundry was always alternately filled with bullet holes or covered in volcanic ash — it was then that her suspicions really became aroused. Unable to contain herself any longer, and desperate to get herself two free tickets to the Uni bar concert of her choice, she contacted Woroni who confirmed the eerie similarity, despite empty protestations that "I look nothing like him" from the subject. If you want to drag your famous looking housemates to the Uni bar concert of your choice, bring them into the Woroni office above the bar.

(left and top) Pierce and Damian: but which is which?

Average characters' age in the movie-length prem

What's On In Canberra

FUNKY ACID AFRO LOUNGE BIRTHDAY BASH

On Friday 30 May get along to Canberra's biggest Dance Party featuring some of Sydney's best alternate DJs; Ken Cloud, Seymour, Gemma & Bass Bitch as well as Ill Lizard, Mit and Jon Wicks. There will be a Cowboys & Angels Fashion Parade and \$100 worth of Bar vouchers for the best funky gear (so whip out those afro wigs, flares, platforms and gold medallions). Huge sound & lighting systems, and lots of prizes, from 8 pm till late, don't miss out on this one year anniversary extravaganza.

PRODUCTION WORKSHOP FOR LYSISTRATA

The CADS (Campus Amateur Dramatic Society) and the Company's co-production of *Lysistrata* will be holding a production workshop weekend at ANU on June 6, 7 & 8 in the lead up to their opening night at the Street Theatre on August 7. The weekend will involve an introduction to all aspects of design concepts and challenges of staging *Lysistrata*. A range of theatrical experiences will be represented by those attending and anyone outside the production with an interest in contributing to this process is enthusiastically encouraged to attend. Call Lisa Anderson, *Lysistrata's* production manager, on 0414 847 191 to sign up.

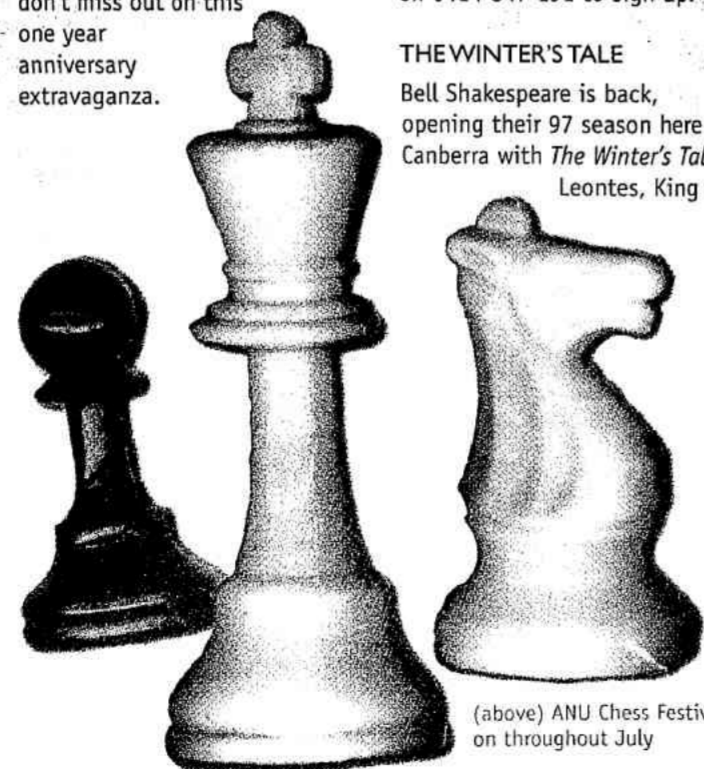
Sicilia (played by John Bell) believes that his wife is carrying the child of his best friend and he'll believe nothing else. Billed as a play of epic proportions, from scorching tyranny and jealousy to hilarious comedy, this is a magical and thrilling drama spanning sixteen years and three countries. Bell has said that the company is opening in Canberra "because we felt it was a clear demonstration that the company is committed to a national focus... [opening in Canberra] gives us the opportunity to make an impact on the national capital". Love and loss, loyalty and betrayal all feature in this production directed by the acclaimed director Adam Cook.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Bell Shakespeare is back, opening their 97 season here in Canberra with *The Winter's Tale*.
Leontes, King of

PORGY AND BESS

The Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* is in the fifth year of a world wide tour, and by the looks of it, the promoters have nothing to worry about. At the Canberra Theatre from the 16 to 21 of June; this production of the Gershwin's folk opera, stars an extraordinary cast of the USA's 'finest singers', accompanied by the Canberra Symphony Orchestra. Originally conceived as a 'folk opera', *Porgy and Bess* was considered groundbreaking when it was first performed in 1935, not only for the extraordinary score but for its subject matter and largely African-American cast. The music combines operatic tones with the rhythms of African-American music and Jazz, producing such classics as 'Summertime' and 'I



(above) ANU Chess Festival on throughout July

Sullivan's Creek

The Nile, The Euphrates, the mighty Amazon, the deep brown of the raging Mississippi, all fall by the wayside in the face of our very own Sullivan's Creek. Sure it's easy to mock the ANU's in-house cess pool, but be careful what you say, because should you anger the god of the river you may be unlucky enough to see it transformed into the raging torrent that has been known to lap at the windows of the gym, as if hungrily searching for some lycra-clad bodies.

Consider too the untold amount of wealth that has been dropped during drunken nights out at the Uni bar into the watery paws of the awaiting river never to be seen again — swallowed by the creek's ravenous appetite. Or the creek's eerily large population of ducks which, despite the fact that Sullie's has been declared by experts as more toxic than Sub Zero alcoholic soda, continue to breed relentlessly.

Finally, Sullivan's Creek acts as a metaphor for every student at ANU, particularly those amongst us doing Arts degrees. It trundles slowly through the grounds of the esteemed institution, forever going somewhere but never actually leaving, its potential life-giving properties stagnating in its own muck — and it is for this reason above all, Sullivan's Creek, that *Woroni* salutes you.



Woroni salutes



freak of the week

Congratulations to Hamish (eye boy) and Lee (arm boy), who wandered into the *Woroni* office while on a mistaken search for the ANU Health Centre. Their photo was taken under the pretext of their being awarded special physiotherapy and ophthalmology prize packs. Instead they take home tickets to the Uni bar concert of their choice, and the admiration and revulsion of the entire undergraduate population.

Premiere of Beverly Hills 90210: 15 Average cast members' age: 31

got plenty of Nuttin'. Based on the novel by DuBose Heyward, later rewritten as a play 'Porgy' by DuBose and Dorothy Heyward, this folk opera combines the talent of the Heyward pair with George and Ira Gershwin to produce the compelling story of life on Catfish Row, South Carolina.

NATIONAL EDUCATION OFFICE

The National Liaison Committee for International Students in Australia is the peak representative organisation for international students in Australia. Their commitment is to the promotion and enhancement of quality education, equitable welfare and multicultural understanding. Every year, the NLC organises an international student conference which incorporates a two day National Education conference. The opportunity exists for a forum to be created through the NEC whereby providers and regulators of the Australian International Education Program can be categorically listen to the opinions, problems, difficulties, and issues raised by international students. The theme for this year's conference is 'The Cultural Atlas for International Education: Future Lessons from Contemporary Experiences'. It will be held on the 9th and 10th of July at the University of Adelaide. For information contact Caroline Sim on (08) 8303 5852, or the ANU's International Student Service on 279 8003.



(above) The first all black Spice Girls show

TELEK

The extraordinary music of George Mamua Telek first gained the attention of Australian audiences in 1990 when he collaborated with Not Drowning Waving on their highly acclaimed *Tabaran* album. Live incarnations of Telek's new album *Telex* have, since its release, received widespread acclaim. We will have the chance to catch Telek live, along with David Bridie (from Not Drowning

Waving and My Friend the Chocolate Cake), John Phillips (Not Drowning Waving), Ben Hakilitz (Yothu Yindi), Greg Patten (My Friend the Chocolate Cake) and Glen Low (PNG musician) at Tilley's on Thursday 29th of May.

REEL McCoy

The Reel McCoy film group aims to provide an alternative to mainstream and arthouse cinema and programs a variety of

feature, docs and short films from around the world. Showing in June is *Strikebound* and *Evictions* from Australian director Richard Lowenstien on the 11th. On the 25th; *The Weavers: Wasn't That a Time?* starring performers such as Arlo Guthrie and Don McLean, will be screened. Both showings are at the National Film and Sound Archive; membership costs \$15 for 6 months and \$25 for a year.

WORONI

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anu students' association
canberra, act, 0200.
ph: (06) 248 7127 fax: (06) 249 3967
email: woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au



editors-in-chief

STEPHEN "BRANDON" REBKOFF
CORIN "KELLY" THROSBY

associate editors

HELEN "ANDREA" DREW
BRENDAN "BRENDA" SHANAHAN
KATIE "PEACH PIT" FRASER
JANE "DONNA" STRATTON

advertising manager

PETER "DAVID'S COMPUTER NERD
FRIEND WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE"
STILL

office manager

PAUL "EMILY VALENTINE" HARRIS

art director

JAMES "DYLAN" PAINTER

director of student publications

BENJAMIN "MR WALSH"
O'DONNELL

printers

CAPITAL FINE PRINT

photographers:

MICHAEL COOK, MEGAN JONES, JAMES PAINTER, NICK SHAW, EMMA WHITE
Dylan: "I think we should start seeing other people."
Kelly: "So, you're singing that old song again."

Dylan: "Yeah, you taught it to me."

artists:

BEN HUTCHINGS, DAVID SHRIGLEY,
MANDY ORD

contributors:

KATE BOOTH, JOHN BREUSCH, MICHAEL BUCKLEY, SARAH CHIDGEY, MICHAEL COOK, ANDREW COX, REBECCA DEVITT, ROSLYN DUNDAS, ROLANDO FAIRVIEW, KELLY FARRELL, WILHELM FREUND, DAVID GOSLING, HARRY GREENWELL, FIONA GREGORY, PAUL HARRIS, SARAH HUTCHINGS, BEN HUTCHINGS, MAGGIE KAUFFMAN, WILLIAM MACKERRAS, TOM McCAWLEY, KYLIE McQUELLIN, FELICITY MULLEN, LANA NADI, JACKSON PELLOW, MICHAELA PETERS, BEN REESE, BEN REEVES, PENELOPE SACHER, BRENDAN SHANAHAN, NICK SHAW, ROBIN SHORTT, PETER STILL, MARK-LEON THORNE, VINEGAR TTTS, MATT TINNING, ROBERT UMPHELBY
Donna: "What's your name?"
Ray: "Ray Pruit. One T. It's all my momma could afford."

office assistants:

ROSLYN DUNDAS,
MAGGIE KAUFFMAN

supermodels:

ANU SECURITY

thanks to:

NICK GOODWIN, KAREN HAGEN, JACKSON PELLOW (FOR THE BEER), MATT READER, DENISE SPATLEY,

MATT "NAT" TINNING

this issue's song lyrics:

"GHOSTBUSTERS" WRITTEN AND

PERFORMED BY RAY PARKER JR.

woroni is the official publication of the

australian national university students'

association

the opinions expressed in woroni are

not necessarily those of the editors,

students' association or woroni staff

Jim: "Whoever Brenda and Brandon had for Sunday school did a pretty damn good job."

deadline for next issue:

July 4

LETTERS I ain't 'fraid of o

Improved understanding and education anyone?

Dear *Woroni*,
Please excuse the following paragraph or two of shameless soapbox standing, but there are just a few little things that I'd like to get off my skinny chest. There seems to be a fine tradition of political whingeing in this country, and this should fit right in.

First and foremost, is it just me, or do other people have a problem with the "Federation Fund" that the lovely Peter Costello announced recently? (I didn't intend to get personal, but don't you think he enunciates like Mayor Quimby?) Sure, a lasting contribution to Australia's history would be nice, and would make the Liberals look good, but I have this sneaking suspicion that the cash will be going to marginal seats come election time. If we're lucky, we might get a big statue of John Howard at the end of a bridge... hey, it's only a billion dollars, it's no big deal.

It strikes me that the government has a unique chance to do some real good, if only they could put aside their petty concerns, and actually act. Why not use the money towards the reconciliation process? I'm not necessarily talking about "hand-outs" or any of the other contentious ideas being thrown around at the moment, but surely someone in this country must be able to come up with some other more constructive ideas... Wouldn't that be a good legacy for the government to leave after 100 years of Federation? Improved understanding and education anyone?

Why do Howard and his chums refuse outright to support the findings of the inquiry into the "stolen generation", actively trying to discredit the man in charge? There are a whole lot more questions and complaints I could list here, but this will do for now. Write abuse at me if you want, but I just had to ask...

—WILLIAM BLOKE

Aunty's imbedded prejudice

Dear *Woroni*,
Last night my aunty from Brisbane came to town and — not wishing to imply anything about Queenslanders in general — she began to proffer her pro-Hanson rhetoric to which I summarily rejected with a cogent and intellectual argument as opposed to her misguided, racist assertions. It is fascinating — she listened to my argument and I offered her statistics and anecdotal evidence to which she had no rebuttal. She accepted the veracity of

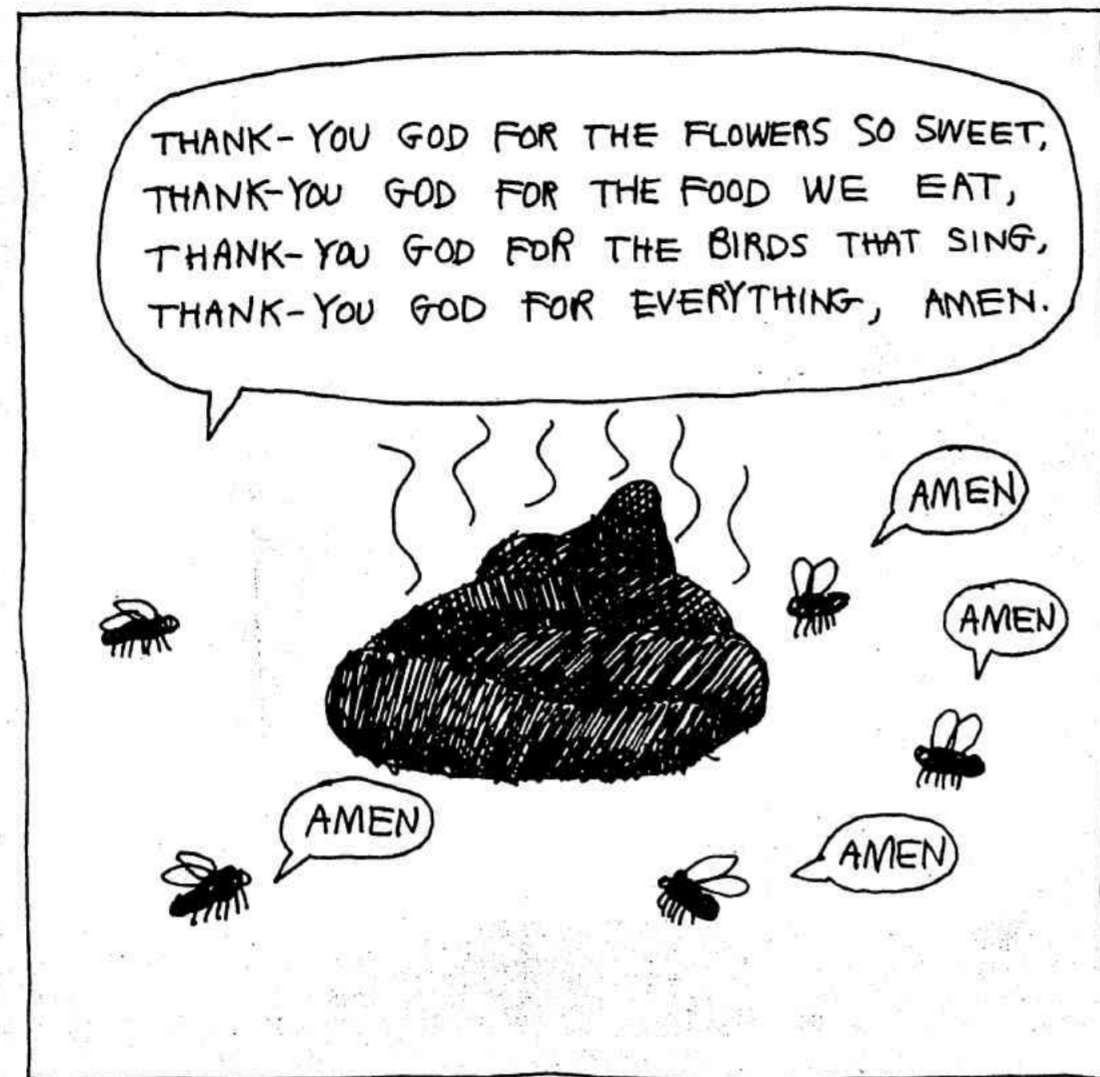
my statements but still maintained an absolute conviction in her assertions whilst at the same time conceding that Hanson offered nothing that resembled a coherent policy providing substantive solutions. It simply showed to me that imbedded prejudice indoctrinated in the formative years of life have such a hold over a person, so that logic and argument on even the most basic level cannot overcome the ingrained belief. It serves to highlight why Hanson needs to be virulently attacked so others are not infected with her irrational scape-goating, so that they too in the future become immune to the power of persuasion and argument. When logic does not win the day, Australia will become a truly frightening country.

—DARIAN CLARK
URSULA COLLEGE

ANU needs its socialist organisations

Dear *Woroni*,
Recently in a television interview, Students' Association President, Matt Tinning, stated that students are increasingly identifying with newer political parties such as the Greens and the Democrats because socialist organisations on campus continue to "cling to an outdated Marxist ideology." This is a somewhat puzzling statement coming from Matt, as he knows full well that without the socialist organisations on campus, Resistance and SWSC, there would be no campaign against the government cuts to education. Moreover, the success in Canberra of the May 8 National Day of Action in uniting students from ANU, Canberra University, high schools and colleges with academic and public service workers to oppose the Liberals cuts can at every level be attributed to socialists. At ANU, Resistance was the only organisation continually arguing in favour of a united rally with other students and workers. At Canberra University Resistance is the only organisation building the campaign against education cuts. Resistance organised the successful high school walk out. And it was a member of the Democratic Socialist Party (which operates in political solidarity with Resistance and also distributes *Green Left Weekly*) that moved the motion in Canberra calling for a Public Service strike action and involvement in the May 8 rally.

Off campus too it can be seen that it is socialists who are organising



and building the relevant campaigns and movements. This was seen with the anti-racism rallies at the beginning of the year and the present public mobilisations against Pauline Hanson. Resistance was central in the planning and organisation of the Reclaim the Night and International Women's Day committees and rallies. Likewise anti-woodchipping and anti-nuclear movements. Similarly Resistance is involved in campaigns of international solidarity such as with the Indonesian democracy movement and the movement for the self determination for East Timor. The campaign that the Student Association is supporting in defence of Indonesian jailed activists has been organised by Resistance.

While Matt has been keen to announce Marxist groups and ideas as "outdated" he is unable to present any coherent alternative to the economic rationalism of successive governments. Socialist organisations like Resistance, both on and off campus, far from being "outdated" are in fact at the forefront of organising and participating in the struggles against the austerity policies of this government, including cuts to education.

—AMANDA LAWRENCE
ANU RESISTANCE CLUB

Building the education campaign

Dear *Woroni*,
The last National Day of Action

against education cuts in Canberra on May 8 should be seen as a great success in that it mobilised over a thousand university students, high school students, academic staff and public sector workers. It is actions like these that pressured ANU Vice Chancellor, Dean Terrell's, undertaking not to impose undergraduate up front fees for HECS paying students in 1998. This is a victory for the campaign, but it does not go nearly far enough. It does not rule out up-front fees after 1998 and does not address the cuts to the ANU such as staff redundancies leading to the axing of courses, increased study material costs and so on. To defeat the attacks on education we need to organise more actions both against the government that is delivering the cuts to education (and all other sectors) and against the university administration that is willingly implementing these cuts.

Resistance is concerned with the negative role that the Students' Association and other supposedly political organisations have played towards the education campaign in

that they have not got behind organising the necessary campaigns and actions such as the May 8 NDA. Matt Tinning's Counter Attack team was last year overwhelmingly elected to the Students' Association on an "activist", anti-education cuts platform. However, activism for most of those elected lasted only as long as the election campaign. Most of them do not even come to National Days of Action let alone build the campaign. The Labor Party, in all its factional manifestations, and the Democrats presence on campus seems limited to organising cocktail parties. While both these organisations claim to be an alternative to the Liberals, neither have done a thing in building the education campaign on ANU. Indeed the Democrats sole contribution to date has been to paste over posters advertising the May 8 NDA!

The only way we can defeat the attacks to education is by building the largest possible actions aimed both at university administrations and the government.

—NATALIE ZIRNGAST
ANU RESISTANCE CLUB

Write to us.

If you have something to say about *Woroni* or anything, you can write to us c/- ANU Students' Association or email us on woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au. Even better is if you put your letter onto a disc (either Mac or PC) and drop it into the *Woroni* office (located in the Students' Association above the Uni bar) on disc. Please keep letters under 300 words if you want them to be published. We love you.



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Terse Terrell — no up-front fees for now

by Michael Cook

THE ANU has decided not to introduce up-front fee places for Australian undergraduate students in 1998.

A confidential ANU Resources Committee meeting, held in early May, made the decision not to offer a full-fee paying system next year. ANU Vice-Chancellor Deane Terrell later announced the move in a terse press release, simply stating that "The Australian National University will not introduce up-front fee places for Australian students in any undergraduate course in 1998". No reasons were given for the decision. Although in the announcement, Professor Terrell said the ANU was responding to a letter from the General Secretary of the ANU Students' Association, Harry Greenwell, asking for this assurance.

In an ANU Council meeting in

April, the Vice-Chancellor had refused to rule fees in or out.

The Up-Front Fees System was introduced by the Federal Government to raise revenue for the higher education sector, counteracting ongoing cuts in government funding. Under the proposal, students who did not receive a place at University on academic merit could 'buy' a place; up to 25% of students enrolled in any course could be paying full, up-front fees.

In making this decision, the ANU is the first of Australia's eight leading Universities to rule out offering full-fee paying places next year. Melbourne and Sydney Universities have already approved proposals that will see some students pay up to \$110,000 in 1998 to be admitted into a course. Students and staff unions on those campuses re-

sponded by storming and occupying administration offices, until being evicted by police.

Matthew Tinning, ANU Student Association President, believes the ANU's stance on the issue is "a victory for quality teaching" at the University. The ANU, Mr Tinning said, "has insisted that academic merit alone will determine who can qualify for entry, a far cry from the mercenary approach taken elsewhere".

"In universities where up-front fees are introduced the quality of admitted students will, of course, be reduced. Teaching will also suffer — fee-paying students will increase enrolments in a course by up to 25%, but there's no assurance that staff numbers will be increased to accommodate this", Mr Tinning said. "Accordingly, the worth of your

degree when you graduate will be less. Also, employers will wonder whether you simply bought your way into and through your course."

Mr Tinning is bemused, however, by the apparently deliberate lack of publicity surrounding the decision not to introduce such measures at the ANU. "The ANU now has the opportunity to outreach its reputation as a premier teaching institution in this country, yet seems reluctant to do so."

Rumours within ANU Administration indicate that the ANU's intentional down-playing of the decision may be motivated more by calculated cynicism than principles of student and teaching quality. The ANU has not ruled out introducing up-front fees in 1999, and could be determining the system's success at other universities before offering



(above) VC Deane Terrell — decided not to charge up-front fees in 1998

full-fee places.

This view is strengthened by a statement made in *The Australian* by the ANU's Pro Vice-Chancellor and Chair of the Board of the Faculties, Professor Richard Campbell. He cited reservations about the workability of the guidelines, a preference to await the outcome of the West Review, and uncertain student demand as the primary influences on the ANU's decision.

The possible effect on the quality of teaching and student performance at the ANU was, apparently, not an issue of concern.



PICTURES—MEGAN JONES

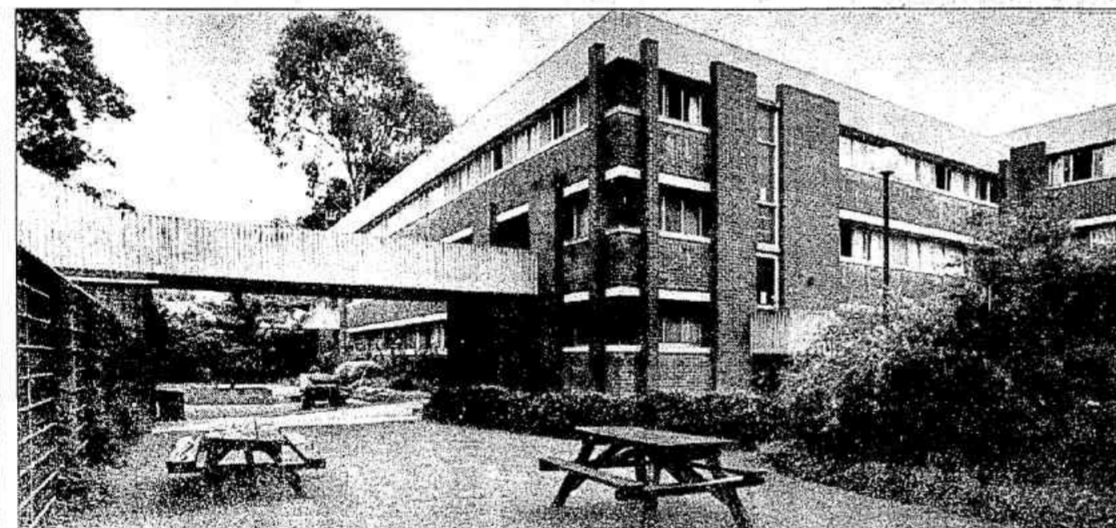
National day of action

SENATOR Natasha Stott Despoja spoke at the rally held to mark the National Day of Action at the ANU on Wednesday May 8.

Senator Despoja said the Democrats would continue to oppose the introduction of upfront fees for undergraduates and funding cuts to universities. The rally marked a celebration for ANU as upfront fees will not be introduced in 1998. The rally was attended by over one hundred students, many of whom continued the march into civic to protest against cuts to funding and changes within the workplace in conjunction with the NTEU and the CSPU.



(above) Natasha Stott Despoja speaking at the rally (top) students at the rally



(above) Johns College — at present ANU has no plans to use the building for accommodation

John XXIII College to fold

JOHN XXIII College looks set to close at the end of the year, having provided on campus accommodation to students for the past 30 years. The Catholic Dominican Order which has operated the college since its inception, informed the University that it intends to surrender its lease at the end of 1997. At this stage the University has no intention to continue to use the college as a residential institution.

The Dominicans' decision is a consequence of a decline in the numbers of their Order. A review into the activities of the Order, which also conducts university residences in Melbourne and Armidale, suggested that it was best to concentrate its efforts at the ANU on maintaining the Catholic Chaplaincy, which will remain in operation.

In particular, the Order felt that it was able to provide neither the human nor the financial support necessary to manage John XXIII College.

President of John XXIII, Richard Post, said that the residents were

shocked at the news of the decision, particularly as 1997 has thus far been such a successful year for the college. Other residents expressed tremendous disappointment, with particular sympathy reserved for those first year residents who had hoped to spend more than one year in the college. The residents see their college as not just a place to live and eat, but as a way of life, and the decision therefore represents the end of a tradition. Furthermore, residents of other colleges have expressed their disappointment at the news. Indeed, one resident of Johns claims to have heard a girl from Burgmann College say, "What's the point of being in a college if there's no Johns to compete against".

A delegation of students met the Pro Vice-Chancellor on Friday, 23rd May to discuss the University's response to the Dominicans' decision. The delegation wanted to stress the significant contributions the college has made to the ANU, the variety of residents which the college supports, including postgraduate and

overseas students, and the important role the college has historically played in providing accommodation for rural students. However, the University has said that it cannot commit to any definite plans for the Johns building, and that at this stage the establishment of a new college is very unlikely.

Johns was built by the Dominicans with government assistance in 1969. Initially an all male residence, it began co-residency in 1976. Throughout its 30 year history, the college has acquired a reputation for its vigorous social life and sporting excellence. As Johns is a fully catered college, its closure indicates a trend at the ANU towards self-catering colleges, such as Fenner Hall.

The University has guaranteed the 150 residents of John XXIII placement in other colleges and halls next year. Until that time, the college intends to complete 1997 as normal, undertaking all usual academic, sporting, cultural and social activities.

—JOHN BREUSCH



(above) members of the NTEU protesting against government cuts at a recent National Day of Action

NTEU opposes budget

The National Tertiary Education Union has condemned further cuts to University funding in this year's budget. The union represents academic staff and the majority of general university of staff on campus, and works closely with the National Union of students in trying to maintain quality education.

Mr Peter Davidson of the ANU branch of the NTEU attributes the cuts to the Government's misunderstanding of the nature of tertiary education and an inability to see that education benefits society as a whole and not just the individual.

The abolition of the Commonwealth Industry places scheme in the budget will mean the loss of substantial numbers of undergraduate places. The budget also provides funds for "special assistance" to universities which "reduce staff numbers or improve the delivery of their courses".

Mr Davidson predicts that funding decisions which affect graduates directly, and those which reduce funding to bodies responsible for graduate and research work such as the Australian Research Council (ARC) and the Co-operative Research Centre (CRC) will lead to a diminished capacity for quality work and study and inevitability of a "scramble for funds".

Overall funding for operating budgets of universities is down by \$60 million and all institutions will see a fall of 3% in 1998 followed by a further 2% and 1% in subsequent years. Mr Davidson sees the budget as representing "no long term com-

mitment to the tertiary education sector" by the government.

Funding cuts at the ANU have resulted in University management forcing involuntary redundancies and offering a voluntary separation scheme to academics and lecturers who wish to 'opt out'. Despite staff numbers having been reduced by more than 10% the University says that there need to be more jobs cut.

This situation angers the NTEU and highlights the governments basic misconception that there is still "fat in the system", Mr Davidson says.

Funding cuts and job losses experienced at the ANU have led to staff morale plummeting which Mr Davidson said "could be sensed by students". There is little room for PhD students and other graduates to gain valuable teaching experience and extra income by taking tutorials now done by lecturers. It also means a compromise in lecturers' abilities to conduct research and maintain a high quality of education.

Mr Davidson says that he cannot support more staff cuts until the university exhausts all other avenues of cost reduction such as the pouring of millions of dollars into "white elephants" as it has done in the past. He also points out that being the third largest employer in the ACT, the ANU has a social responsibility to resist making employees redundant in an already economically depressed Canberra where "being made redundant is equivalent to being forced on to the dole".

—MICHAEL BUCKLEY

New design for nomadic living

The shift to a nomadic lifestyle was the inspiration behind an award-winning sofa designed by Georgina Donovan, from the School of Art at ANU. Designs for her 'nomadic sofa' gave Georgina a place as one of three finalists in last year's Country Road Young Designer's Competition, the winners of which were announced in April this year. Whilst she was commented by many designers present at the ceremony as having only narrowly missed out on the first prize — a return ticket to Europe and \$4000 — Georgina has received a large amount of publicity from the competition. Aside from two visits to Melbourne and one to Sydney for publicity events, her design has been built into a full size sofa by Country Road manufacturers and is now on display in a Country Road store in Mosman, Sydney.

The competition has been running for three years and is open to designers who have completed a degree in industrial design within the past five years. With over 180 entrants in the furniture section of the competition, and being a new graduate from Canberra University's industrial design course, Georgina is now regarded by many as an aspiring new Australian furniture designer.

The theme of the competition was

'design simplicity', and Georgina reflects simplicity in life-style in her work. "The nomadic lifestyle has set new requirements for furniture," she says. "My sofa is designed for people who move around, adapted for a changing lifestyle." And why a sofa? "Well this is the bulkiest item in the house. Beds, tables and bookshelves have been adapted to fold or take apart, but the sofa is always a problem." The nomadic sofa is demountable into seven pieces, without using screws or nails, and fits into a station wagon. In addition to this remarkably simple design, Georgina set herself an eco-friendly criteria. The sofa is made from wool, hemp fabric and hoop pine, which is said to be the most environmentally-responsible wood in Australia.

Georgina is now working on a Diploma of Visual Arts (Wood), a two year undergraduate course at the School of Arts. When asked why she did not want to pursue a career in industrial design, Georgina said she didn't want "to participate in the mass production of plastic crap." Instead, she is taking this opportunity to gain a better understanding of the material she works with. And will she enter this competition again? "Yep, I'll definitely give it another go."

—MAGGIE KAUFFMAN



(above) Georgina Donovan and her nomadic couch. It is made from environmentally friendly materials and can be easily taken apart to fit into a station wagon.

The library strikes back

The ANU Library has decided to move English and Modern European Language books from the basement of Chifley Library. Manager of Social Sciences and Humanities, Margaret Henty, said that moving the books was a priority for the library and that any move would be made in consultation with the English and Modern European Language Departments. The books will be relocated in the semester break.

Ms Henty admitted the combination of compactus shelving and high

usage books created access problems in the basement. However, she emphasised that the compactus was functioning adequately and did not present a safety risk for students or library staff. "The compactus has a number of safety features to ensure that people do not become caught in it" she said. The floor between the shelves has a weight sensor which identifies when a person is standing between the shelves, and operates as brake on shelf movement. There are also movement sen-

sors on the top of each shelf and another on the edge of every second shelf.

The shelves were relocated to Chifley from the AD Hope basement and are about ten years old. The movement of the books came about because the Chifley building is overfull. The long term plan of the Library to counter this problem is to extend the Hancock building.

Ms Henty demonstrated the safety features in the basement for *Woroni*. Whilst it seemed that the safety fea-

tures work, we constantly had to negotiate with other users to be able to move the shelves.

Despite the safety features it is understandable that a person inexperienced in using a compactus would find it daunting. Working out how to use the compactus is one problem, remaining between the shelves as you hear the loud movement of other shelves coming towards you from another part of the compactus requires some courage.

—HELEN DREW

bits in brief

Sexuality Department News

CIT now has a sexuality department thanks to the efforts of the ANU sexuality department in helping them set up.

The 1997 Queer Collaborations conference 'Volatile' will be held between June 30 and July 4 at Queensland University of Technology in Brisbane. ANU Sexuality Officers Mark Thorne and Pippa Wisher will be attending and are seeking contributions of artwork, writing or anything creative responding to the theme — volatile — to take to the conference. For more information about the conference or contributing to it call the Mark or Pippa at the Sexuality Department on 279 8514.

Gradlink

Gradlink is a new website set up as an employment tool for university graduates. It focusses on graduate job opportunities nationally and provides careers information. It can be accessed at www.gradlink.edu.au

Art History bash

The finalé to the Art History Department's departmental review went off in the form of an exhibition viewing in the Drill Hall Gallery on May 22. Students briefly found themselves with the power to influence the future of the department as they schmoozed with the board members, all of whom, for some inexplicable reason, seemed to be wearing the colour blue. In true student form, however, most found themselves too drunk to contribute anything constructive and the board somewhat pre-determined in their views. The free food and champagne was much appreciated by all.

Making news with *Woroni*

Are you or your organisation dying to achieve fame and notoriety overnight? Could you cope with the thrill of seeing your name in print? Why not drop by the *Woroni* office and tell us your news or call us on 248 7127 and give us the scoop over the *ANU Reporter*.

Opinion



student comment

Paul Harris
Youth Representative
Friends of the ABC (ACT)

Save our ABC

Amidst all the clamour of the recent Budget, few people may have noticed that our ABC has had its funding cut again. The ABC is under attack. Prior to the election, Senator Richard Alston promised "The Coalition will maintain existing levels of Commonwealth funding to the ABC." That promise has been repeatedly broken by Howard and his chums, and if action is not taken, the ABC is in real danger of losing its identity as Australia's only independent national media organisation.

I don't think friends of the ABC would mind as much if these cuts were in the best interests of the broadcaster and public, and made by a government that valued the role of the ABC. But the ABC has already been belt-tightening over the last few years, in response to expectations of the government and taxpayer. No-one would deny it is important we get value for money from the ABC, but I think it's obvious that we already do.

The ABC hasn't run over budget for the last six years, and has coped with \$50 million of increased costs. A few million dollars would make all the difference to the ABC, but the

government has just managed to find a spare \$1 billion lying around for an extremely dodgy sounding "Federation Fund".

The ABC will now receive \$491 million per year. Channel 9 TV alone costs at least \$800 million a year, so it's not like the ABC is becoming bloated at the expense of the taxpayer. Compared to other public broadcasters the budget of the ABC is tiny — less than 15% of the BBC's running costs.

Whether or not you believe, in the words of Senator Alston after this Budget, that the ABC "should not be sacrosanct", the broadcaster clearly plays a vital part in Australian society, and the region. For our 7.47 cents a day, we get television, six main radio networks, multimedia services, symphony orchestras (not for long!) and international radio and television services. If you were to buy a newspaper everyday, it would cost ten times as much, and wouldn't come close to the independence and cultural breadth offered by the ABC.

As media ownership becomes increasingly concentrated in the hands of a few rich old men, isn't it imperative that we retain and protect

a strong, independent and innovative national broadcast service? With the ABC being continually threatened and undermined, what does that say about our government's views on a free voice in the press?

Any funding cuts will have a terrible impact on young people. The government is flirting with the idea of selling off JJJ completely, and funding for the Unearthed program and the continued expansion of JJJ to regional areas has ceased. The programs are continuing at the moment only because JJJ was able to reduce funding allocation in other areas. The government will whittle away funding, saying "Look, you can't tell the difference!" until the whole thing just collapses.

The management of the ABC has stated, in the aftermath of the Budget, that some programs and services will have to go, along with 700 jobs. What reduced funds there are have to go in redundancy payments instead of programs.

These cuts will lead to reduced quality Australian content. I don't want an Australia without an independent, uncensored broadcaster, and, according to the Mansfield Report presented to the government,

neither do a lot of people. Why does the government think it can get away with this?

I don't want to imagine life without the knowledge that there was some alternative (be it intellectual, musical or whatever) in this country to commercial trash. Without JJJ, unless you live in Sydney or Melbourne where there's subscriber indie radio, there would be very little variety. No punk. No trip hop. No death metal. No world music. No techno. No good pop. No new Australian bands getting airplay. No Mikey and Paul in the morning, no Helen and Judith in the afternoon.

So what do we do? Keep telling your MP that the ABC, in whatever form, is important to you. Join Friends of the ABC. Come to our rally on Monday, June 2 at 12.30 in Garena Place. Write to John H, write to your Federal Member of Parliament, write to the paper. Make your mum and dad and/or kids do it too. Help us lobby members of the government, put another JJJ sticker on your car... whatever. We need all the help we can get at the moment.

on campus

Woroni asked punters (a) do you think ANU security does a good job? and (b) do you believe Eddie Murphy's excuse about why he was with transvestite hooker at four in the morning?



(a) I think they're incompetent. They're always late when they're needed or else they deal too harshly with certain situations.
(b) It's the first I've heard of it, but I wouldn't believe a word Eddie Murphy said.

—JOAN (FORESTRY 3RD YEAR)



(a) Not really, I don't see many patrols around at night.
(b) No

—SUMITRA (IT/COMMERCE 1ST YEAR)



(a) My friend had his stereo stolen from a supposedly secure carpark.
(b) It's the most amusing lie I've heard in a long time.

—GWILYM (IT 2ND YEAR)



(a) The after-hours services are not up to scratch. Do we still have a bus? Still, they do the best they can.
(b) I can't see how a great man like Eddie Murphy could ever stoop as low as prostitution.

—NICK (ARTS 1ST YEAR)

women's officers

Hindmarsh — disempowering women

In June 1995, the SA Government ordered a Royal Commission into Aboriginal claims of secret sacred business on Hindmarsh Island. Secret women's business was claimed over the proposed building of a bridge from the mainland to Hindmarsh Island. The then Minister for Aboriginal Affairs, Robert Tickner ordered a twenty five year ban on construction of the bridge because construction would damage the women's business on the island. According to the women, construction would desecrate a tradition "crucial for the reproduction of the Ngarrindjeri people and of the cosmos which supported their existence."

The task of the Royal Commission: to find out whether the women's business had been fabricated, showed an unsympathetic attitude to their claims. Their beliefs became the focus of the trial, and the effects of the construction remained a side issue.

This comes at a time when women, particularly women from marginalised backgrounds, are claiming a space within public discourse and institutions to speak for themselves. This space has not long existed, particularly for indigenous women, who have been denied fundamental rights of the subject. The opportunity to speak has not ensured their voices will be taken seriously. The Commission even used women's voices against each other.

A group of dissident women, who claimed never to have heard of the women's business were pitted against the proponents. (The Commission seemed not to realise the definition of secret sacred business within Aboriginal traditions means certain custodians hold knowledge from which others are excluded).

The Commission (an institution of white western patriarchal ideology) and its role in arbitrating remained unquestioned. The media and the public were preoccupied with the truth or falsity of the proponent women's claims. This cheated the women out of their right to be seriously heard.

All criticisms of the necessity of the investigation were ignored. Women's voices, and in this case, indigenous women's voices are still not recognised as legitimate within ruling paradigms.

In December 1995, Commissioner Iris Stevens made her findings. She held the women's business was fabricated. The report intimated that it was fabricated in response to pressure from the anti-bridge lobby, and specifically Aboriginal men. Thus, the Ngarrindjeri women are doubly disempowered. Not only were they accused of making it up, but doing so in response to men's pressure. The lying victim! If only they had known that speaking out would be so disempowering.

—REBECCA DEVITT
SARAH CHIDGEY

environment officers

Naturally connecting

Hi, this is Ben Reese, Environment Officer, sharing the task this year with Jenny Hoy. If you have environmental concerns around campus leave a message for us in the Students Association, email breese@netinfo2.com.au or come along to Naturally Connected meetings.

The Union Board met this month to determine whether the ban on the sale of Nestlé products should continue. A Union General Meeting and several submissions to the board indicated a clear student interest in maintaining the ban, as a protest against the unethical practices carried out by Nestlé's marketing of powdered milk in the developing world. The Union has pleasingly decided to maintain the ban and to inform the student body why it is in place.

Naturally Connected, the student environment group is meeting every Monday at 1:00, in the courtyard between Physics and Psychology, outside Psychology G6. Everyone is welcome. Currently being discussed are compilation of a submission to the Senate Inquiry into the environmental powers of the Commonwealth, upcoming Students and Sustainability conferences, Critical Mass, and a proposed carpark on campus. If you are interested or want to discuss an environmental issue, come along.

—BEN REESE

political
corner

the issue

A response to the budget

THE Liberal's second budget, as expected, has continued the bipartisan drive to decimate the public sector. 16,500 jobs are to be cut in the public service, on top of the 11,200 cut last year. These figures don't include cuts in government-owned "corporations" — like the 25,000 jobs to go in Telstra. Students certainly haven't been spared. After the massive 10-15% cuts to uni operating grants last year, while VCs are still cutting departments and staff to make up the cost, the Liberals have added another 1% cut.

Abstudy, the allowance for Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander students, has been cut by \$40 million.

They have, however, offered universities \$26 million to assist with "restructuring and rationalisation" — hiring 'downsizing' consultants to decide who gets the sack and who pays the fees.

And what will they do for all the newly-unemployed and those who can't afford to go to uni any more? Abolish \$30 million worth of training schemes, and spend the money

"Beazley and co won't be able to criticise this budget effectively since it represents the logical conclusion of their own policies"

on compulsory "work for the dole".

Beazley and co won't be able to criticise this budget effectively, since it represents the logical conclusion of their own policies. Labor accepted the 'efficiency' of reducing taxes on business while cutting public services long ago.

Gareth Evans, former minister for propping up dictatorships and current shadow minister for impoverishment, has even started 'examining' goods-and-services taxes, one of the best ways to put the burden of taxes on the poor.

We can't rely on the economic rationalists of the ALP to save us. It's time to build a mass campaign against the "death of a thousand cuts", to defend the public service and publicly-funded education.

Rallies like May 8th, when university and high school students, academics, and public servants united against the cuts, are a beginning. Reverse the education cuts! Hands off the public sector!

—DAVID GOSLING
RESISTANCE CLUB

THE first budget of the Coalition Government was noted for its cruelty and its cunning. The second will be remembered as careless, its centre piece being a pointless savings incentive scheme, and a grossly insensitive Federation slush fund.

The Coalition went to the 1996 election promising to pay \$4 billion into the superannuation accounts of Australian workers. This policy was initiated by the Keating Labor Government as an economically sound way of fulfilling the L-A-W Law tax cuts promised in 1993. The Coalition also promised a separate and distinct savings incentive scheme. You might remember a fuss about a letter sent out under John Howard's signature saying that every Australian would be able to benefit under this scheme. This contradicted their policy, which said that it would be means tested. Howard was criticised for telling people they would get it when they wouldn't. He quickly clarified his position to say that it would be means tested.

Of course, now that the savings scheme promise had received considerable publicity, it became a "core" promise. The promise to pay the \$4 billion super also seems to have been regarded as a "core" promise, because last year the budget set aside \$4 billion, presumably to fulfil it. Yet this year, how has this money been spent? \$2 billion goes into a savings scheme, \$1 billion goes into the bottom line, and \$1 billion goes into a federation slush fund.

Four billion dollars which was going to go to Australians on the basis of need has been used as a savings incentive mostly for wealthy people who were going to save anyway. The scheme is not means tested. Howard says this means he over-delivered his promise, but it is the low income person who had been fooled, because the money which was going to encourage him or her to save has been spread over a larger number of people. Last year when we were all being hit with spending cuts, we were told there wasn't enough money to go around, but now the Government pulls \$1 billion out of its hat for a federation slush fund!

Thankfully the Government hasn't got away with the chicanery it managed last year. Now that the trick hasn't worked, perhaps they should go away and come up with a savings scheme that will actually work.

—WILLIAM MACKERRAS
LABOUR CLUB

Students' Association

president's
reportmatt tinning
sa president

Budget schmudget

The few short weeks since your quality student newspaper last hit the pavements have been packed full of developments in the life of the ANU and the Australian higher education sector. Here are a few highlights:

Undergraduate fees

The ANU became the first 'Group of Eight' University to rule out providing full fee-paying places for domestic undergraduate students in 1998. The decision was confirmed on Tuesday 6th May, after a lengthy Resources Committee meeting the previous afternoon. The news forced a quick re-think of plans for the National Day of Action on May 8, and a threatened student strike was cancelled. We did, however, go ahead with a pre-budget rally, and a crowd of several hundred were addressed by Natasha Stott-Despoja, Bob McMullan and Kate Lundy. While no guarantee with regard to undergraduate fees has been given beyond 1998, the outcome was the best we could have hoped for. It will hopefully give some other universities the confidence to resist the temptation to extend full fees to yet another category of student.

Budget '97

Everything in politics is relative. This year's federal budget came as somewhat of a relief for the higher education sector after the carnage of 1996. However the Coalition could not resist including some unwelcome changes:

- \$38.7 million has been earmarked for savings in Abstudy payments. In recent years it has been accepted that the chronic under-representation of indigenous Australians in higher education needs to be combated in some positive way by government, and the Abstudy programme was a large part of this effort. The Coalition's reduction in support for the Abstudy scheme is the most disturbing feature this year's higher education budget, particularly given the broader context of the government's shameful approach to indigenous affairs.

- Confirmation of an additional 1% cut to university operating grants in the year 2000. This brings the total reduction in university operating grants to around 6% over four years, by far the largest reduction ever imposed upon the sector, even before the government's refusal to provide universities with supplementation to meet wage increases (which effectively doubles the size of the cut) is taken into account.

- Phasing out of the Commonwealth Industry Places Scheme, which provided about 3,200 undergraduate places, mostly at Charles Sturt, Swinburne and Deakin.

There was, however, some good news:

- Families with two or more children in tertiary education may be eligible for a maximum increase of \$925 per annum. While this is undeniably good news, the estimated 1,400 students who will benefit does not compare favourably with the 125,000 students who lost out thanks to the 1996 Austudy debacle.

- If you have a spare \$500 cash, you can utilise a new government option to pay part of your HECS up-front and take advantage of a 25% discount on the amount you pay. Previously, the discount was only available to students who could pay the full amount up-front. The government at least had the sense to realise that their new HECS regime, which sees new students paying between \$3,300 and \$5,500 per annum, would ensure that even more students would be entirely deferring payment without such a change.

John XXIII

It was sad to hear of the Dominican Brothers' decision to close Johns. It has been an institution on campus for decades and has produced some of the ANU's best and most lively students. Daley Road will not be the same without it.

general secretary's report

The Constitutional Review is progressing well. The Review Committee has considered all submissions presented and is in the final stages of preparing a draft constitution. Some of the issues being considered are: increasing the size of the executive to five to include a social and education officer; giving the SRC power to determine SA policy; establishing a new body — the Faculties Representative Council — at which Faculty representatives and Board of the Faculties representatives could meet; reducing the size of the SRC from 27; reducing the number of General Meetings required each year (currently seven); introducing disputes resolutions procedures to address breaches of the Constitution or the electoral regulations. It is vital that there is scrutiny and debate about these changes because they could result in a quite different SA. The draft constitution will be available soon, so come into the SA and offer your comments.

—HARRY GREENWELL

reports

The ANU Students' Association invites you to its

Annual General Meeting and

4th General Meeting.

Join the fun and frivolity from
1 p.m., Thursday 5th June, at MCC3.

Debate

The Debating Society — losers of today or leaders of tomorrow?

VINEGAR TITS just can't leave campus minority groups alone. This issue VT scrutinises the Debating Society. Deb Soc polished their shoes, cleared their throat and sent out the might of WILHELM FREUND (ranked ninth best speaker at last Worlds) to take on the opposition.

Good evening ladies and gentlemen, chairperson, timekeeper and fellow debaters. I'm here to prove to you that not only can I toss myself off in front of a public audience and get away with it, but in addition receive the strange accolade of being a member of the ANU Debating Society. Welcome to hell — population: the members of Deb Soc. (That's what those of us "in the biz" know

as the Debating Society. You may just like to call them, as I do, a bunch of socially retarded bores who think that gaining a position in a large law firm is an actual measure of achievement in one's life.)

Why do I so dislike ANU debating? Is it the elitism it encourages? The million year old topics? Its completely dopey irrelevance? No, it's simply the people who do it. Thus in this particular column I have decided to turn the full brunt of my dislike on you — the members of the ANU debating society. Yes, Deb Soc, that elite group of social lepers who have the hide to combine pomposity with a dress sense that makes Danni Minogue look sartorially informed. The very name of this collective of wind sends a shiver down my spine that begins when I clap eyes on those Betts and Betts moccasins, old Boy's Grammar shirt, army pants and hand knitted jumper, and ends as a twitching in my feet as I run in screaming terror from the approaching nerd herd that is Deb Soc. (Many of the debating "crew", as I like to call them, actually seem to enjoy wearing suits to their debates which confirms to me that wanker and nerd are the two terms you can pick from to describe any one member.)

Did you know that Deb Soc actually has its very own Mensa? Those kids who've decided that their overall inability to communicate without palm cards does not sufficiently separate them enough from society already, have decided to form a group known as "The Clique". "Are The Clique fun?" I hear you inquire. Are you kidding me, is the Pope a virgin? These kids are soooo crazy. I can only weep for those who missed the party of the century — the break night party downstairs in the Private Bin (I should point out that this was not just for The Clique, but they were all there, so paaaaarty was the foregone conclusion) The do was in honour of the last round of debates before the finals began and I'm so glad that I passed up watching TV

that evening. What a night! The heady perfume of BO and cheap aftershave mingled in the classy atmosphere as the nerd herd grazed on their non-alcoholic drinks (you animal Patrick!). I was reminded of the infamous debating trip to Melbourne where a bunch of funsters went to a strip joint to bond. The girls just wouldn't go on any more — those guys were just too wild!

Said one Fifi Trixibell to me, "In this business you get some pretty nutty sorts, but that's the last time that I let anyone with hush puppies and a name tag in here again."

So what is the kick these guys get from debating? Just what is it about this windy sport that moves every annoying political pain in the arse/law student on campus to participate? Well they get to say "bottom" in public, which is pretty funny of course. What's funnier though is watching the audience, who are all Deb Soc related (because who else would go for that standard of entertainment), absolutely kill themselves laughing at the lamest jokes you've ever heard, or furrow their brows in faux seriousness as they earnestly listen to a person who has just produced enough hot air to power the Canberra balloon festival. For those of you in any doubt about the lameness of the comedy in these little shows, all I can do is reassure you that even the departmental "1001 Joke Book for the Reserve Bank of Australia" would probably be chucking these back John West style.

I can remember being a little school debater and having the Deb Soc crew snidely preside over my debates as adjudicators. How I enjoyed their tales of zany university antics; the late nights at the interstate finals in Old Parliament House; how they would stage wine glass stealing competitions from the various functions they would attend with important people. Now I have discovered that I too can live those magical days by becoming a member of Deb Soc. Now there's nothing I like better than swanning around some junior high school in my new Blazers Menswear suit affecting an attitude of "couldn't give a shit" or, even better, the patronising "I am here to impart you with the joys of learning" attitude; inducting and simultaneously repulsing a whole new generation of would-be Deb Soc members.

Does debating exercise the mind, the vocabulary, the wit? No, but it gives the right hand a jolly good work out.

—VINEGAR TITS

As requested, this is my official diagnosis of Vinegar Tits' article on the Debating Society. Since the subject has chosen to remain anonymous, indicating his/her chronic insecurity and paranoia, I have named him/her Nigel No Friends, as clearly the subject suffers from intense social retardation. I believe that Nigel has suffered a traumatic and friendless childhood, which has left him emotionally paralysed by an uncontrollable anger.

This anger has been turned on a clearly innocent party: the ANU Debating Society (ANUDS).

Irrational rage directed against the Debating Society is a recognised psychological phenomenon. Nigel is following in the tragic footsteps of other renowned sociopaths, such as David Eastman and Alex Baylis, who have since gone on the achievement national recognition for their acts of lunacy.

The reason we know the Debating Society is an innocent party is because it is ANU's most successful and well respected club. With over 250 members from a broad range of faculties and other University clubs. They hold a broad range of very successful social events in addition to holding regular debates on pertinent, contemporary topics such as educational fees and euthanasia.

Nigel clearly has a limited involvement with the Debating Society; this can be seen by the fact that

his only method of criticism is through the use of irrelevant and inaccurate stereotypes to validate his externally motivated rage. Debating teaches valuable social and intellectual skills, which Nigel could clearly benefit from.

Nigel illustrates classic hate-envy confusion. He resents and envies the central members of ANUDS, for whom he uses such derogatory

terms as 'clique' attempt to mask his jealousy, despite having admired them as a high schooler. His admiration turned to hatred as he failed once again to successfully enter a social group.

Nigel is stuck in the anal phase of social development — his idea of criticism and humour is to conjure up childish references to sex and anatomy. This is likely to have resulted from his unsatisfied Oedipal complex, known in the common vernacular as a mummy fixation. Nigel wanted the members of ANUDS to fill the void left by having to leave home at such a tender age, to be in effect a dummy substitute, but instead recognised him for the socially maladjusted individual that, in my professional opinion, he clearly is.

I recommend a lengthy and intense course of social therapy and integration to help Nigel overcome his irrational anger against ANUDS and to learn to interact like a normal member of society.

—DR WILHELM FREUND

Need a place to live?

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- A list of accommodation from the private rental market, updated weekly by the ANU Housing Referral Service on the World Wide Web (accessible from the ANU Home Page) at <http://www.anu.edu.au/admin/housing/accom.html>.
- Lists landlords' properties if they are available to students and one bus ride from ANU.
- Also includes sections for share accommodation wanted and available.

Housing Referral Service

- Acts as a broker to assist students and staff to find private rental accommodation.
- Apply to the service and receive free advice and assistance negotiating with landlords and real estate agents.

Contact Details

Contact the Housing Referral Service by phone on 243 3185 (73 185 internal), fax on 249 0737 (0737 internal), or by email to HRS.Housing@anu.edu.au.

Brought to you by University Accommodation Services



Peer Pressure

Photo by James Painter, posed by a professional model in a way consistent with the story.

It seems we always hear about the Indonesian government's human rights violations against its own citizens, with rallies, flag burnings, and 'Free East Timor' stickers seemingly everywhere. But according to some Indonesian students, there is a more subtle and equally malevolent form of oppression going on which is never demonstrated against, and which has no bumper stickers, because it is enacted by the Indonesian community itself. WATON BAGASKARA writes about the pressure to conform which the Indonesian government exerts through Canberra's embassy and Indonesian community, and how it extends to everything from joining the ANU Food Co-op to drinking at the Uni bar.

Back when Robert Menzies was Prime Minister, Australians were afraid of Indonesia. At that time, the Indonesian Communist Party was strong — at times claiming a membership of five million — and Bob, the arch anti-Commie, was not prepared to let post World War II Australia be turned red by its closest neighbour. Now the Indonesian Communist Party is dead; has been for three decades. Yet in some ways, many Australians are still afraid of Indonesia. Perhaps this is because the myth of the yellow (well, dark-brown) peril is so ingrained in the Australian psyche or perhaps Australians just hate them Indo nips. In any case, it is true that the armed 0.3 percent of Indonesians (ie. the Indonesian Army) theoretically can invade Australia faster than the Germans can say *blitzkrieg*.

The interesting thing is: almost no-one ever asked whether this sentiment works the other way around. Are the Indonesians afraid of Australia? Prima facie they are not. After all they let such subversive things as Australian made Non-Alcoholic Wine run amok in Indonesia's soft drink market. And in fact, Indonesia contributes a significant portion of the A\$2.6 billion overseas student market in Australia. If they send their kids to Australia, how could they be afraid of Australians? Or have they sent their kids to spy?

It seems that, at home, Indonesians do not see Australia as much of a threat. Australia, to Indonesia's nouveaux riche at least, is merely a nice, sunny place where they can buy cheap houses (Perth), cheap apartments (Melbourne), and those ever popular "Last Dunny for 100km" stickers.

But what do they think once they are in Australia? Wouldn't they be afraid that their pristine Eastern values might be corrupted by liberal Western values?

Let's take Canberra as a case in point. Despite what some megalomaniac Canberraphiles claim, Canberra is a small, close-knit, almost incestuous city. Consequently, it only has a small Indonesian community numbering around one thousand: mostly students, a few immigrants, and one exiled author. In a community (and a city) like this, it is not surprising that everyone knows each other well.

The Indonesian Embassy is also located in Canberra — it is the one with the pseudo-Bali architecture. It may not look as big or scary as the Chinese Embassy, but even Deng Xiaoping would have killed for the kind of control it has on the Indonesian community here. The Embassy does not actually have to engineer a direct supervision of all Indonesians in Canberra — well, very rarely

anyway — it merely has to spread some rumours in the form of informal "Do's and Don'ts" and the community network, where everyone knows each other, takes care of itself.

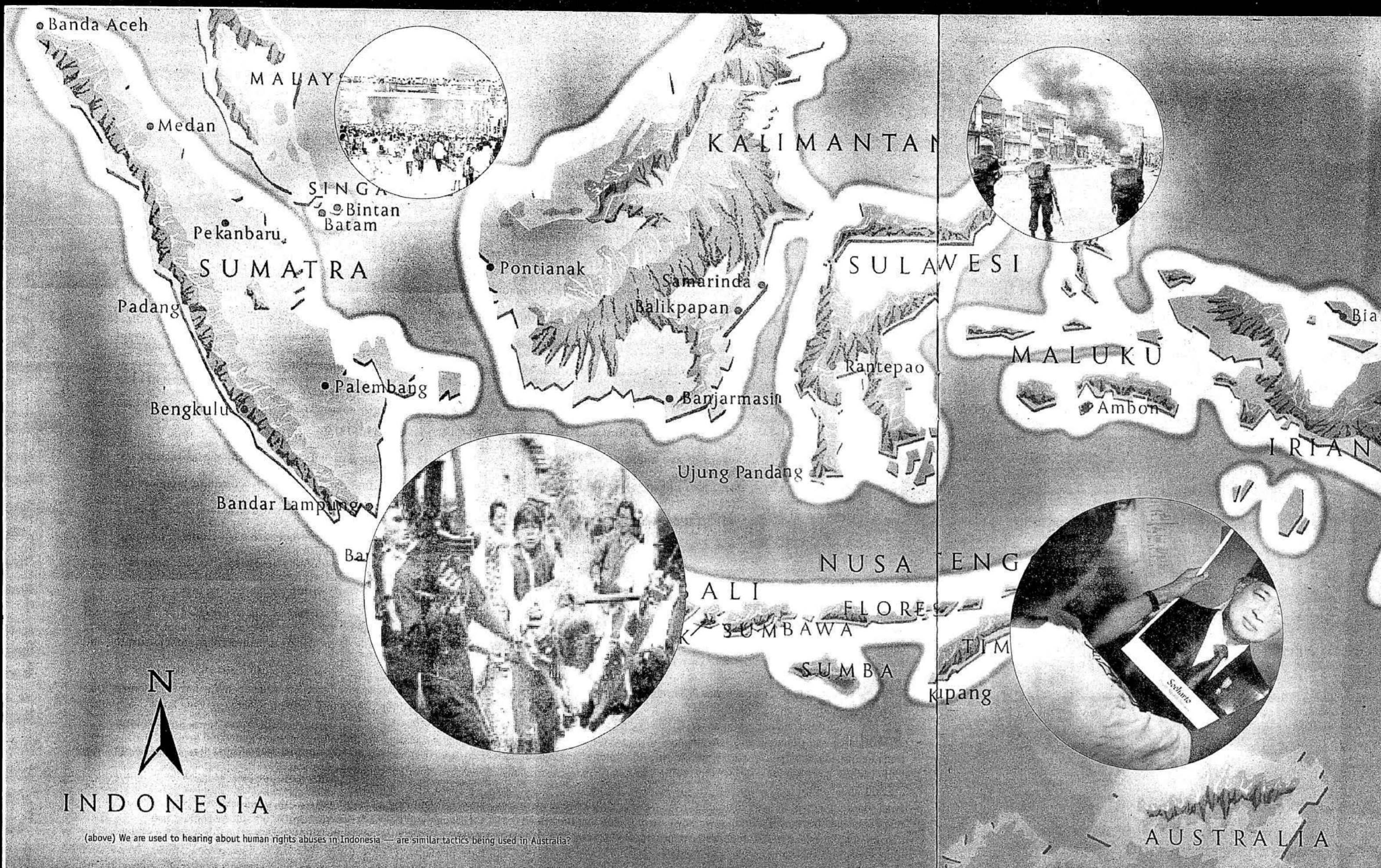
Some of the "Don'ts" that all Indonesians know and love are:

- Don't ever have anything to do with the bunch of hippies selling *Green Left Weekly* — they are communists.
- Don't ever participate in demonstrations at the Embassy, you might be suspected of being a communist.
- Do not join the ANU Food Co-Op (!), it's run by communists.

Yes, the world has certainly turned around, now it is the Indonesian who have developed chronic commiephobia. And every new student who hasn't developed it, will do so before long. New students are usually greeted by the old ones and are always then subjected to a kind of free counselling explaining the "Dos and Don'ts" above and a few more.

In time, these "Dos and Don'ts" have become a new set of values which Indonesians follow, unquestioningly for some, grudgingly for others, with the Embassy having only to sit back, relax, and let nature take its course. Sometimes though, the Embassy exercises a more direct approach. When an Indo dissident comes to Canberra to give talks, which is quite often, they will usually issue an informal warning to the students, especially those who are also public servants, telling them not to attend, lest they be blacklisted. In addition to this warning, they will send spies to the talks to tape the speech and identify who speaks up during the discussions which normally occur on such occasions. This has happened when Adnan Buyung, a prominent Indonesian "human rights" lawyer visited Canberra two years ago; when Goenawan Mohammad, former editor of the banned *Tempo* magazine, made a fund-raising visit (among other things by selling t-shirts) late last year; and when Amien Rais, a Moslem intellectual freshly demoted from his rather Olympian position in the government's think-tank (ICMI), gave a highly emotional talk only last month. This last man was himself sufficiently afraid of spies that he asked to speak off the record.

Yet one would think that in an Indonesian community made up of a majority of students, the powers that be would allow some sort of intellectual freedom? No such luck. A couple of years ago two post-grad students wrote a paper on the East Timor issue which, by all accounts, contained only an inkling of criti-



(above) We are used to hearing about human rights abuses in Indonesia — are similar tactics being used in Australia?

Waton way off?

Dear Waton,
 If I ever have to give an example of paranoid behaviour, I most definitely will use your article on Indonesians in Canberra. To call your description of the Indonesian community in Australia ridiculous is an act of kindness. However, I will refrain from using profanities. After all, I am Indonesian (I don't know about you, though).

I'm amused at your use of the term 'nouveaux riche' for it implied that Indonesians were not rich to begin with. The people of Indonesia were, are, and will always be rich in many ways, far more than you could possibly imagine. From your description, I can only surmise that your feelings arise out of personal (economic) jealousy. Okay, I can understand about the stickers, but have you ever actually checked the percentage of Indonesians who bought houses and apartments in Australia? (Compared with the Indonesian population, I would say the number is so small that it won't even reach .001 percent) More importantly, have you even asked why? Most likely these are legitimate business investments. For better or worse, Indonesians still love to live in Indonesia. *Cinta tanah air* ('love of the country') is no empty rhetoric.

A small Indonesian community (this is Canberra and not Jakarta) is bound to be close knit. All close knit communities obviously will strive to maintain harmony among their members. The actions of one member will reflect on the whole group. Therefore, it is obvious that certain rules must be involved in daily interaction among Indonesians (and with Australians) in this *negeri seberang* ('foreign land'). Not only because the Indonesian community must stick together (especially in times of need) but also present a good image of Indonesia to Australia and the world community.

Your distaste for the so-called "informal Dos and Don'ts" is also ridiculous. What kind of society does not have its Dos and Don'ts? Whether it's Indonesia, China, Australia, or even simple tribal society, there is a set of behavioural rules, informal or not. Even religious Scriptures are collections of Dos and Don'ts. In the words of George Costanza, "Ya know, we're livin' in a society here!" If you want to be a part of a group, you obviously must obey its rules of conduct. Your description of Indonesian Dos and Don'ts are paranoid fictions, if not hallucinogenic fantasies. For example, your complaint of the lack of activity in the Indonesian internet discussion group. This is not necessarily caused by fear and caution. Has it ever occurred to you that these people are too busy with other things to do? This is a small and mostly academic community. Present concrete evidence before you start yelling about it.

The Embassy staff members are not gods, they are also part of the Indonesian community. You prick them, they bleed. Their warnings to Indonesian dissidents speaking in talks are understandable. They are, after all, representatives of the government of Indonesia. There are political issues and diplomatic reputation at stake. It's their job. If you have a problem with it, take it up with their superiors (in this case, go to Jakarta). Otherwise, get off their backs and stop whining. If Amien Rais demanded to speak off the record, could it be because he still had some sense of maintaining the dignity of Indonesian people? He's not exactly the type of "chicken" that you'd like to paint him to be. In my book, it indicated that his common sense and good judgment are at work, and not some imaginary "invisible hand". Intellectual freedom is a good cause, but it is *not* the only good cause around.

Your complaint of the Indonesian Embassy Cultural Attaché's use of the word "children" as being feudalistic is also laughable. He is an elderly man and the rest of us are significantly younger. "Children" made a lot more sense than "brother", it's more polite than "kids" or "fellas", it's more informal than "ladies and gentlemen", it's more affectionate than "boys and girls", etc. This is an example of what is called **good manners** — a concept that is obviously alien to you. I actually find his offer to be generous. His warnings, of course, go with his job.

As for your friend 'J', he should be grateful that his Indonesian neighbours even bothered to talk to him. They could have just simply stayed away. Instead, they asked J to spend more time with them. Perhaps they believe that too much of the bar life is unhealthy? In any case, they expressed their concern for J's well-being instead of staying away from him (which is far easier to do). If J grew to loathe his fellow countrymen, then it's too bad. Perhaps his countrymen are better off without J after all. A problem of socialisation, perhaps?

Finally, your accusation that Indonesians are not free, both in Canberra and in Indonesia, is extremely far fetched. They can think freely, speak freely, or do whatever they want. However, they must also take responsibility for their actions. Your attitude is childish. Everything is demanding rights, rights, rights, for me, me, me. What about responsibilities and sacrifices? What about give, give, give, for all, all, all! Did those who tomatoed Amanda Vanstone's car ever think about how she felt? The damage and distress to their fellow Australians that they cause? Of course not! It's all about themselves, isn't it? It doesn't matter what tool you use, the pen, the sword, or the gun. What is important is **why** you use it, **how** you use it, **who** you use it on, and finally, **what** the consequences are.

A blue-collared Indonesian,
Suparna

cism towards the Indonesian Government's handling of it. It just happened that they were to present the paper in some obscure, no-one-gives-a-toss, academic gathering in Queensland. Alas, even before they had the chance to book their flights, they were called upon by the Embassy. And even though what happened there remains unclear, suffice to say that the two students failed to deliver their paper.

Even the advent of the world wide web fails to give the Indonesian community a means to break free from this terrible nexus of control. Early last year the students set up an Internet discussion group, with the view to enable people to discuss things openly without the uneasiness and inhibitions which often cripple tete-a-tete affairs. Most students joined this group, eagerly. For a while things were looking up, some sensitive things were discussed (the Megawati issue, nepotism, corruption, etc.) and a lot of people contributed. But then some people stopped contributing, mostly those public servants under government scholarship.

This happened when a virtual census disclosed that amongst the subscribers there were some "passive" contributors, those who read all the postings but sent none of their own. It was no surprise when it turned out that these people were Embassy lackeys assigned to exercise the same sort of control in the virtual world as they do in the real one. Now the net discussion group is dead, almost no-one dares to post anything except when they need to advertise their second-hand refrigerators.

Meanwhile, life in the real world is not getting better. On the 16th of March,

the official Indonesian Students' Association, whose members are mostly young, undergraduate, alterna hunks and gals, held a BBQ as a kind of 'meet n' greet' thing for the new and old students. Surprisingly though, there were also some not-so-young and definitely non-alterna people present. These people turned out to be parents and the Indonesian Embassy Cultural Attaché. The latter did not do or say much until the very end when he got up and addressed the students with words to the effect of: "Children, (I love this insouciantly feudal way of addressing the younger generation) we in the Embassy would really like you to spend more time in the arts and sports. If you need any musical instruments we'll buy them for you, just ask. And, if you need more sport halls to play badminton we'll rent them for you, too." At this stage the students all thought he was just being too nice and grew considerably suspicious. But of course the Cultural Attaché was oblivious to this fact, so he continued, "But of course we'd like the arts and sports to be the only extra-curricular activities that you undertake while in Canberra. We strictly forbid you from doing anything which may ruin the image of Indonesia, and so especially suggest that you do not get involved in politics."

"Anything which may ruin the image of Indonesia" apparently includes spending too much time with Australians. There is one Indo guy I know who has found out this fact first-hand, his name is J. Last year he lived in Toad Hall, along with 15 other Indonesians. He has in fact lived in Canberra for four years and, considering this, naturally does all of the things that any average Australian (Canberran) does: frequenting dodgy bars, getting mashed in mosh-pits by

over-zealous hair farmers, etc. During his stay in Toad Hall he was close only to one other Indonesian (P), and this created a big problem. On his third month there at least ten unidentified Indonesians spoke to P, encouraging him to castigate J because he (J) has been seen, too frequently, chatting with Australians in bars and simultaneously sipping a glass of beer. This, they said, would ruin the image of Indonesia. Upon being told by P, J was understandably upset, "What? They've been *spying* on me? And they didn't even have the guts to speak to *me* about it? And what is this 'image' they're talking about, a tee-totaller?" He got no answer. But J is made of stern stuff and until now he hasn't changed his lifestyle. Nevertheless, that experience left an indelible mark in his memory and, perhaps contrary to his critics' intentions, he grew to loathe his fellow countrymen.

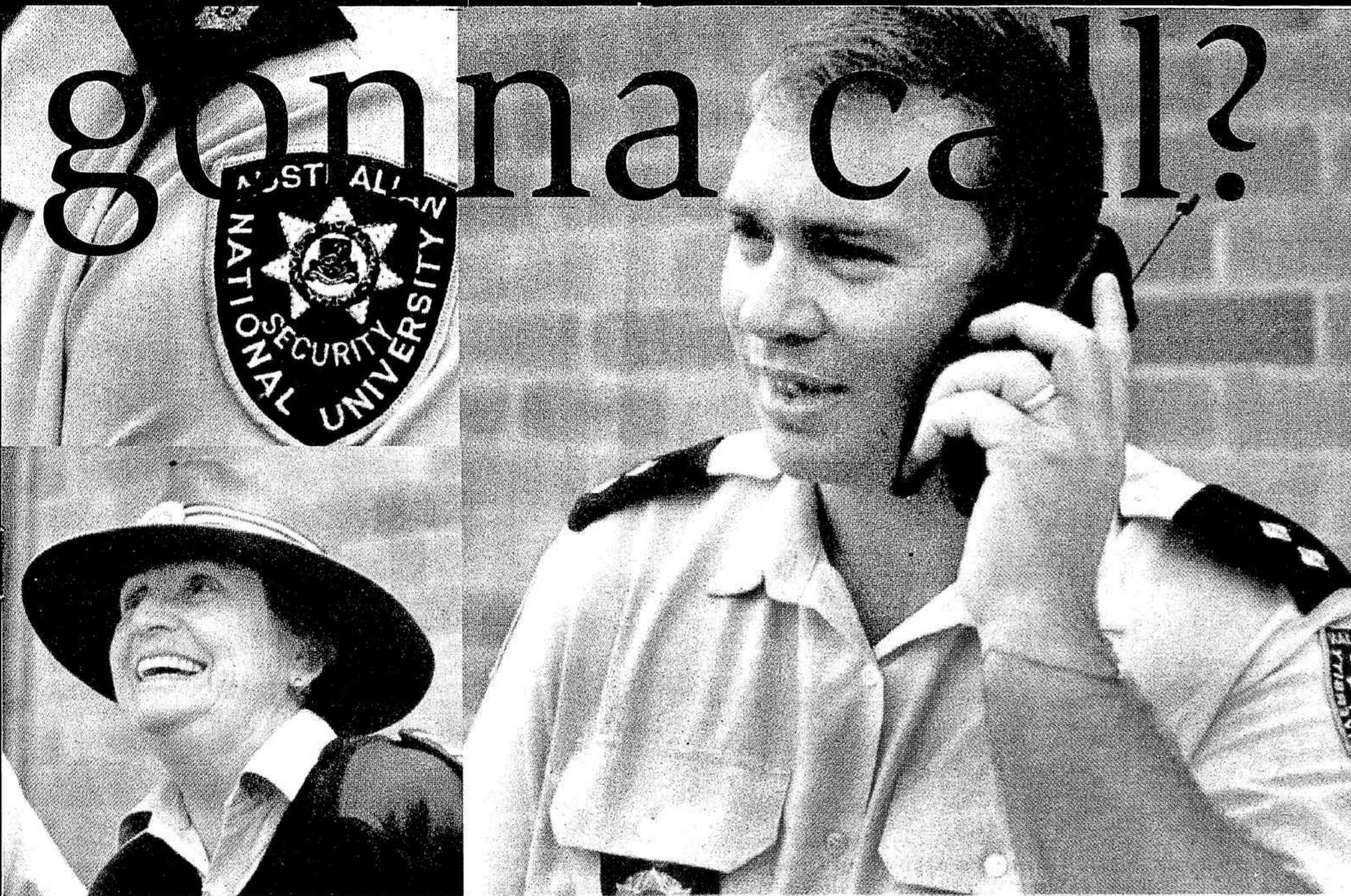
Yes, freedom is still a dream for every Indonesian living in Canberra. Back home they dreamt of how they would be able to think freely, speak freely, do whatever they wanted, once they arrived in Canberra. Alas, now they are still dreaming the same dreams. If anything, the situation is worse here than back home. There at least everyone was in the same predicament. Here they watch with envy as Australian students tomato Amanda Vanstone's car, realising they can only dream that one day they might do something like that too. But now, no-one dares even to protest that they can't enjoy a glass of beer without anyone spying. They don't even dare to write in *Woroni* about this. Perhaps they all follow the popular Indo maxim, *pace* Edward Bulwer-Lytton, that the pen is mightier than the sword, but it's still no match for the gun. Poor souls. ☹

Who you



They're the only ones that stand between the ANU and anarchy. University Security Officers patrol the campus by foot and car, day and night. Their mission: to protect the innocent and bust the bad guys. Now, on the eve of a 'restructuring program' that may end rostered on-campus foot patrols, MICHAEL COOK goes on the beat to discover the men (and women) behind the badge.

gonna call?



Everyone loves a man in uniform... except if that uniform represents ANU Security. It's an understatement to say University Security Personnel don't have a very good reputation on campus. Security Officers, whether they like it or not, are seen by students as figures of authority — and are automatically resented for it.

But are ANU Security Officers the ogres they are perceived to be? The role played by Security, some-

show, it's just another eventful day for the men and women who work at University Security.

Alex Chryss, Manager for Security Operations at the ANU, sits behind a desk littered with schedules and confidential Australian Federal Police reports. I'm obviously interrupting something important, but he's happy to talk to "help change some misconceptions" about the role of ANU Security. He believes that many people who come to the ANU don't realise how integral Security is to campus safety.

be hanging out with men who possessed big guns and bad attitudes, kinda like Dirty Harry. We might even be involved in a shoot-out or two.

Nothing, then, prepared me for real-life, in-the-flesh, ANU Security Officers. In wandered Lee Potts, a young, slight, mild-mannered woman, and an apple-eating, wise-cracking, 'fiftyish' Pat Gerstenburg. And then another of my preconceptions got blown out the window: they might be dressed like cops, but they certainly don't act like cops. "I'm sorry to

Through a maze of corridors and alarm-triggered doors, lies the Operations Centre of ANU Security. Computers whirr. Walkie-talkies crackle. Important-looking people rush in and out, slamming doors. Where am I? Fifth Precinct Police Headquarters?

what paradoxically, is both essential and widely despised. Night after night they're out on patrol, dragging drunks out of Sullivan's Creek, deterring evil-doers, and generally making the campus a safer place. They're often abused, attacked or thrown-up on for their trouble.

So what compels an individual to work for ANU Security? Is it dedication? Sheer bloody mindedness? Or just those really cool uniforms? These, and other burning questions, were answered when I took a walk on the wilder side of the ANU with two battle-hardened University security officers.

Buried deep in the heart of the John Yencken Building, through a maze of corridors and alarm-triggered doors, lies the Operations Centre of ANU Security. Computers whirr. Walkie-talkies crackle. Important-looking people rush in and out, slamming doors. Where am I? Fifth Precinct Police Headquarters? I feel like an extra on the set of *NYPD Blue*. But whilst the scene strikes me as being straight out of a cop

"Our roles on campus are numerous, [but] the primary role that we are charged with is to protect the personal safety of students and staff... Within this broad protection role lies the activities which officers conduct: escort duties, patrolling the campus on foot, bicycle and car, and reporting potential danger areas."

"The real role of the security officer is not to give students a hard time, but to help and observe throughout the campus. Officers try to offer assistance wherever they can."

I had found myself in his office as I waited to meet — and tag along with — two officers heading out on a foot patrol. Stereotypical images whirled through my head; what would these guys be like? I finally decided that they'd either be weight lifters (with XXL Security Officer leather jackets skin-tight over their rippling pectorals and bulging biceps), or ex-rugby players.

Either way, I was getting excited. I was going to

disappoint you, but look", says Pat, holding up his sweater, "no gun!". And on that note, we started the patrol.

As one could imagine, after spending five years wandering around the ANU campus past midnight, Lee and Pat have seen the bizarre, the crazy, and the down-right criminal; in fact, they've seen just about everything. There's always naked people running about, usually young drunken men, "even in July when it's three below zero". Then there's the mysterious young woman who comes out at one o'clock to photograph tree bark. Or the tuxedoed motorcyclists who crashed on Sullivan's Creek Road, and insisted on pushing the bike back to Burton and Garran Hall — despite sustaining broken wrists in the accident.

The foot patrol was created several years ago in response to a number of violent attacks on campus, usually against women. Since the patrol began, the number of robberies and assaults have dropped sub-

ANU foot patrol's last stand?

PLANS HAVE BEEN put in place that will effectively abolish the present ANU Foot Patrol, warns ANU Security Officer Pat Gerstenburg.

Established five years ago after a series of assaults against women, the patrol has been credited with markedly reducing violent attacks on campus. In doing so, Mr Gerstenburg believes the service has become a victim of its own success: "Basically, management is saying 'The number of attacks is so low we don't really need you any more.' What they don't realise is that if the Patrol goes, assaults may begin to rise."

"Without the deterrent effect of regular, rostered Security patrols, people walking through the campus could be at a much greater risk of personal harm."

Rumours have surfaced throughout the year that the Patrol will be effectively abolished when ANU Security is

'restructured' at the end of first semester. "I first smelt a rat," said Mr Gerstenburg, "when, at the beginning of the year, management put me on a six-month contract for the first time in 4 years. Now, my contract simply isn't being renewed — because my job, the Foot Patrol, will effectively cease to exist."

Alex Chriss, Manager of ANU Security, vehemently denies that there will be any lessening of foot patrols on campus. "I'm a great believer in our uniforms being seen, and seen regularly."

He concedes, however, that the method behind the ANU Foot Patrol will be radically altered. "The idea of the restructure that has been undertaken, and is about to be implemented... is that I've spread the role being done by two part-time employees across 15 full-time employees."

Mr Gerstenburg believes, however, that in 'spreading' the work onto other staff the job won't be done at all. "What's



(above) ANU Security foot patrols: are their backs against the wall?

going to happen is that if an officer finishes locking up buildings a little early, they'll take a 15 minute stroll around one tiny corner of the university. That's

definitely not going to maintain a strong security profile on campus." The restructured ANU Security will begin operation from 29 May.

stantially, Pat attributes this success to the strong deterrent value of the patrol: "The perception of safety goes a long way towards creating a safe environment. People who used to come here because they thought it was a 'law-free zone', don't show up as much any more."

So 'low-life punks' don't hang around on campus



(above) ANU security officer thinks... now where did I leave the car?

much these days, huh? Maybe there is a bit of Dirty Harry in Pat and Lee, after all. But when I ask about past violent confrontations, and the potential for one tonight, Pat becomes coy. "Look, mate," he says, "we don't even carry batons, let alone guns. We can both handle ourselves, but our main aim is to

waiting for the commendation they promised us."

The most dangerous area of the campus, Lee and Pat agree, is around Union Court. "If you're going to get harassed or intimidated by anyone," says Lee, as we wander across the Court, "it will most likely be here". "Basically," adds Pat, "because this is

People ask 'What calibre is your gun?' for chrissake. I just tell 'em I use AA batteries in my torch, if that's what they mean!

act as a sobering influence before situations get out of hand and someone gets hurt."

"People come up and ask 'What calibre is your gun?' for chrissake. I just tell 'em I use AA batteries in my torch, if that's what they mean!"

There have been occasions where they both have risked physical injury — most commonly when the patrol has disturbed thieves in the act. "One time, when the new IT building was under construction, I came across a bloke perched with a leg on either side of an eight-foot fence and a fax machine on his lap," laughs Pat. "He saw his predicament, and basically dropped the machine on me to escape. We radioed the AFP who collared him, but we're still

where everyone's coming out full of booze."

We've only been walking for two hours, but I've had enough — I'm cold, I'm hungry, and my legs are sore. Pat and Lee still have another six hours left on their shift. Which brings me to the question I've been dying to ask them: Why? Why do they endure winter thunderstorms, drunken abuse, and sore feet? "It's simple, mate," says Pat, as Lee nods her head, "Being able to help someone — whether it's walking a student through a dark section of campus, helping to replace a young lass' punctured tyre, or getting a bloke who's had a few too many home safe — well, the students appreciate it. And I'm proud of that."

Parenting Room.

Now available in the Union Building for the use of parents on campus.
Located next to the Students' Association, above the Uni Bar.
Make the most of it.



name

Ahh beer... amber fluid of the gods, panacea of students for generations upon generations. It's difficult to imagine, however, students being inspired to prosaic greatness by titles such as "VB", "Red", and "XXXX". What's wrong with Australian beer makers, and why do they persist in giving the nation's drinkers titles whose only poetic merit is the rhyme between "Old" and "Cold"? Woroni home-brew expert JACKSON PELLOW investigates.

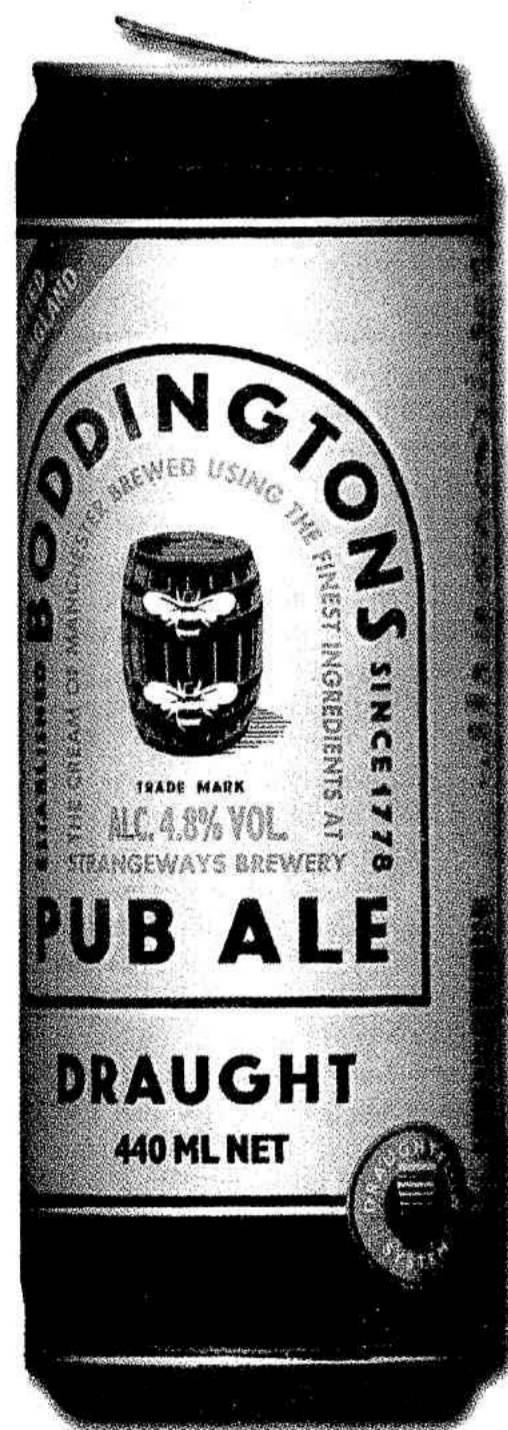
Weeks of pestering by my mates eventually encouraged me to set up the home brew kit they had wrongly given me as a present about a year ago. After hearing horror stories about fermentation explosions, furry fungus farms and people adding litres of green cordial to override the foul taste of brews that went awfully wrong, I was understandably cautious upon commencing the initial sterilisation process. Two sleepless weeks later, having woken up at 2am each night to the eerie sound of carbon dioxide bubbles being released through the air lock, I nervously bottled 29 long necks of a somewhat dubious tasting home-brew.

The instructions said: "Leave beer in a dark, uncluttered space for two weeks to mature", and as our pantry seemed to fit that description perfectly, I dumped the two packets of rice onto the kitchen floor and proudly aligned the bottles on the shelves. This was an exceptionally impressive moment in my university career — here I was, a mere arts student, who had just completed a complex scientific process that would make any chemistry student envious. It was imperative to mark the occasion by coming up with a unique name for my very own style of beer. With over two slabs in the cupboard I

was also feeling particularly patriotic so I looked toward Australian beer labels for some creative inspiration.

I don't think there has ever been a more disappointing and demoralising moment in my life than when I realised that the only beers on-tap at the ANU bar were unexcitingly titled 'New', 'Blue', 'Old' and 'Cold'. They're monosyllabic, they're boring, and worse still, they rhyme. Where's the influence of the fresh and adventurous advertising/marketing graduate that the University of Canberra has long promised? The images one conjures up from these supposedly modern beer titles hark back to the seventies and the days of the John Singleton school of ocker-advertisements. Where's the reference to famous historical and political figures so prevalent in the titles of United States beer? One of the more popular beers in America at present is called 'Samuel Adams', after the guy who signed the declaration of independence in 1776. Tell me people, where's the pleasure in going up to the bar and simply asking for a 'Swan', a 'VB' or even a 'Crown'?

If there is one thing Australian beers lack (apart from variety of taste, but that is hardly the issue here) it's decent names. Look at other Australian beers that our pubs and bottleshops offer. There's



(above) Boddingtons: only sexy if you say it in a groovy northern accent



(above) Corona: not only does it taste good, but you receive 5 cents for every empty bottle you post back to Mexico City

the plainly titled 'Coopers'; probably named after old Mr. Cooper, the guy who started the brewing company. There's 'Ice'; which simply describes the company's cold-brewing technique, and there's the exceptionally artless 'XXXX'; a perfect example of the name you give to a beer when you can't think of anything else. Not to mention the long list of equally dull beer titles which are basically abbreviations of place names plus the word bitter; 'VB', 'MB', 'KB' and 'SB'. Australian beer names are as unoriginal as the titles of our Television stations: Channel 7, Channel 9, Channel 10, ABC and SBS.

I don't know about you but when exchange students gracefully express the song-like titles of foreign beer labels, I can't help feeling slightly insecure upon realising that I'm ill-equipped to participate in this seductive flirting ritual. Australian beer titles are so abrupt and roll so uncomfortably off the tongue that reciting them in conversation gives the listener the impression you have a stutter. European beers, on the other hand, have highly arousing and enticing titles, such as the UK's 'Boddingtons', Ireland's 'Guinness', Holland's 'Grolsch' and Germany's 'Holzen'. With the right accent and seductive pronunciation during foreplay, any one of these words could promptly turn on even the most flaccid of partners. American beers also seem to be sharing in the growing trend for alluring labels with efforts such as 'Rolling Rock' or Mexico's highly erotic 'Corona'. By linking together a few imported beer titles and faking a sleazy foreign accent it becomes very easy to fool someone into believing that you're saying something extremely sexy. Try out this little gem next time you're at Mooseheads: "Simply Holzen your Boddington baby is Guinness me a swollen Grolsch. I fear that you're Rolling my Rock!"

If sex sells as efficiently as the cliché says, why then do Australian beers, with such limp-dick titles, continually sell so well? The answer comes not in terms of a beer label's degree of sexiness but in terms of its ease of pronunciation. The fact of the matter is that Aussies are far too hedonistic and self-conscious to waste time struggling to articulate a complicated beer title. That's why Fosters has never taken off here. Next time you're at the bar, buying a round of drinks for your mates, try saying "Six schooners of Fosters thanks" without slurring your words or showering the barman with saliva.

Being from a continent of renowned heavy drinkers, we've all felt the effects of excessive inebriation: blood-shot eyes, loss of balance, increased sex drive and slurring of words. It seems our brewing company advertising execs have cunningly taken this fact into account when considering names for our Aussie beer. Thus, our beers have simple sounding titles for the simple reason that they're easier to ask for when pissed. Because Aussie favourites such as VB, New and Old are easy to say they are easy to obtain, and as a result have become popular. During a night of heavy drinking you only have to grunt at the barman and chances are you'll get the beer you were too pissed to ask for. Likewise, if you're paralytically drunk and on the verge of passing out, but you still want more beer, as is usually the case,



European beers have highly arousing and enticing titles, such as the UK's 'Boddingtons', Ireland's 'Guinness', Holland's 'Grolsch' and Germany's 'Holzen'. With the right accent and seductive pronunciation during foreplay, any one of these words could promptly turn on even the most flaccid of partners.

it's very easy to just raise your floppy arm and point to the big distinctive letters on a VB or XXXX bottle. Eventually the barmen will translate your longing moans and bring over the beer that you're now drooling for. It's a pathetic scene, that perhaps stretches ethical guidelines, but a scene that perfectly illustrates why Australian beers sell so well and highlights the obvious economic advantages of simplistic beer labels. It's now apparent that promoters of Australian beer have deliberately avoided complicated titles in preference of mundane names that are easy to pronounce. So the marketing managers from Tooheys and Carlton aren't quite as dull and useless as I originally thought, they're actually very clever business men cashing in on the down-side of alcoholism.

Interestingly, at least two pubs in Canberra seem to ignore the above-mentioned rules and offer beers with titles that appeal simultaneously to the cultured, the beer buff and the easily aroused. The Irish Filthy McFaddens in Griffith and the English Wig & Pen in Civic each boast unique in-house brews with wonderfully lyrical titles such as the rugged 'Bally Ragget's Irish Red', the adventurous 'Aviator Bok' and the sexually evocative 'JT's Creaming Ale'. But at nearly five dollars a pint the price you pay for a beer with a decent name comes from the wallet and not the hangover in the morning. As most students probably won't be able to afford to get drunk on such boutique beers, the problem of slurring long-winded titles does not apply here.

With the push for Australia to become a Republic and the lead up to the Olympic games in Sydney, Australian patriotism is likely to increase. I predict, then, that beers of the future will move away from the simplified ockerish titles of the past and, in a similar manner to the signature Ben Lexon and Greg Norman Commodores, begin to pay homage to memorable Australian individuals such as sporting heroes, politicians and entertainers. One thing is certain if Australia does become a Republic, the monarchical 'Crown Lager' will quickly be replaced. So instead of the traditional VB, New and XXXX we've grown to love, soon, we all may be getting pissed on 'Henry Lawson Lager' or 'Ned Kelly Ale'.

As for a name for my own special blend of home brew, and in keeping with future trends, I've yet to decide between the cool-sounding 'Dame Edna Extra Dry', the conceptual 'Kosciusko Cold' or, if the beer really goes off, the politically apt 'Colston Stout' or 'Hanson Bitter', but as one of my mates arbitrarily pointed out: "at 30 cents a long neck, who really gives a shit."

A beer is a beer is a beer



(above) Australian beer labels: easy to remember

Angelo from Lloyds Liquor in Dickson informed *Woroni* that the most unusual labels he has seen are those upon alcoholic soda bottles. The latest addition is *Purple Goanna*, a high octane beverage with its greatest appeal being a glow-in-the-dark label that is hypersensitive to rave party laser lights. Then there is *Red Ant*, a boutique cider with a thermostatic label that indicates to the drinker when the liquid reaches a temperature above 10 degrees. Next in line, in the range of designer label alcoholic beverages, are those that contain wacky herbs. The main selling point of *Vault* cider, apart from the fact that a shiny metallic tag hangs around the neck of each bottle, is that it has the Chinese additive Ginseng, which is believed to possess energy-giving properties. Likewise, *XLR8* proudly displays that it contains both Guarana & Caffeine (substances known for keeping people alert and zippy). The concept of alcoholic drinks containing stimulant herbs is kind of problematic — consider the frightening scenario of a night-club full of staggering pissed people with excessive amounts of energy. There are also extra strong alcoholic ciders such as the streamline *E-33* or the threatening *Stinger*, which come in slick, clear bottles with futuristic-style lettering. The marketing strategy employed here is that and you can see the near-pure ethanol through the transparent labels. The favourite here at *Woroni*, though, are *Malibu Caribbean Cocktails*. The drink is artificially coloured to subtle pastel shades and the bottle is decorated with a stylish white palm tree motif. In ten years time when those naughty Spice Girls reach 21, it's highly likely that *Tropical Quencher*, *Citrus Spice* and *Pineapple Punch* will flow freely at their backstage parties.

The People's Convention— Don't lose your right to vote

In August this year, a postal ballot will be sent to every voter in Australia to vote for delegates to the Constitutional Convention which will consider whether we will have an Australian as our Head of State.

You need to fix your enrolment before the end of June or you might not get to vote

There are only a few weeks left (until the end of June) to fix your enrolment so that the ballot papers are sent to your new address.

You can fix your enrolment by filling out the Green Form available from post offices, student organisations, the Electoral Commission, the Australian Republican Movement, or the ANU Republicans On Campus.

Remember GREEN ENROLMENT FORMS are available from post offices, student organisations, the Electoral Commission, the Australian Republican Movement, or the ANU Republicans On Campus

Some people think that a postal ballot might stop many students from voting. Fix up your enrolment and have your say.

ANU Republicans On Campus
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LICK IT UP



Our Richard Marx in: We don't need no education

Marxie's life was becoming a little repetitive. Falling in love, boozing and playing the occasional tune was not satisfying his deepest needs. His heart hurt, his guts were constantly giving him gip, and even Richie had to admit that songs like "Right Here Waiting For My Pizza" were not a patch on such tear-jerkers as "Right Here Waiting For You." The logical solution was to get some schooling up his sleeve, so he decided to finish Year 10. *The Heights* being his favourite TV show next to *Maltbu Shores*, he decided to find a school on the wrong side of the tracks — full of flannies, motorbikes, leather jackets and tough but vulnerable girls that it would take a lot of patting on the shoulder and saying "I've been there, dude," to befriend and ultimately bed. To cut a long story short, he found one. It was called "Rockefeller High", which sounded enough like 'rockin' fella who's high on drugs' to suit Richard.

When he swaggered into 'Biology 1' in an acid-washed ensemble, his puff of hair catching the light from the window in a spectacular halo, the class gasped.

"Who is that old guy... is he the teacher?" they murmured. "I think I know him from somewhere." Richard smugly smiled, greeted the class with what he believed to be the latest catchphrase: "Yo," and straddled a chair in the back row. His television education of classroom etiquette was serving him well. First, he cadged a ciggie from the boy next to him. Second, he lit it. Third, he crossed his legs on the desk (a difficult feat for a person straddling a chair).

He then decided to make a friend to play with at little lunch and turned to the boy seated next to him. This youth had a shaved head and a 'Guns n' Roses' t-shirt. "Aah, a rocker," thought Richard and planned his opening remark accordingly.

"Heard the latest Bad English album? 'fuckin' goes off." The youth ignored him. "Know who I am?" he asked, casually studying his fingernails. The boy didn't answer. Richie stretched and yawned. "Oh... just... ahhhhhh... Richard Marx," he finished and shot a sideways glance at the Gunners fan who remained oblivious. Marxie persisted and in a louder voice began to sing. "WHEREVER YOU GO, WHATEVER YOU DO, I WILL BE RIGHT HERE..."

"Hello class, my name is Mr Ickhead," a voice announced. The class laughed quietly. Richard's face remained blank. "Laugh now and get it over with. I'll be taking Biology 1 for the rest of the year..."

"Ickhead, what's funny about that?" Richard pondered. "His head is icky! Wait a minute! Sounds a bit like dickhead!" at this inspiration he voiced his thoughts.

"Hey everyone! His name sounds like dickhead! He must be a dickhead!" he yelled. Instead of exploding in laughter and electing Richard class clown, his classmates shot Richard scornful looks, and rather than allowing Richard to cement his place as 'class toughie' by engaging him in a battle of wits, Mr Ickhead raised his eyebrows at Richard and continued the lesson. "There are three main subject areas..."

Here Richard's attention wandered again and he began to study his classmates. Three seats up from him sat a girl only rivalled in beauty by Cher. Her hot pink stretch mini-skirt was cinched by a wide, studded black belt. Her beautiful green eyes were framed by a generous amount of blue mascara and her hair had been crimped to perfection before being swept to one side of her head, obliterating one of her eyes in a style Richard found bewitching. He tore a piece of paper from his book and composed a letter. "Do you like me?" he wrote, "tick yes or no" and drew two slightly wonky boxes. He then pushed his books on to the floor in a most casual manner and passed the note to her whilst retrieving them.

The girl, Cindy, was also well versed in classroom etiquette, taking all her behavioural cues from *Revenge of the Nerds*. Consequently, she sexily winked and tucked the note into her top.

Richard tuned into the lesson again. "The first assignment will be based..." Marxie's eyelids started to droop. When the bell rang for recess he awoke with a start, a pool of dribble on his desk. "Here's where I shine," he thought and ran out to the playground. Assuming a position in the middle of the asphalt, he took out his inflatable guitar, inflated it, and launched into his best concert routine. When he opened his eyes that were squeezed shut with concentration, he noticed that a circle had gathered around him. Their smiling, happy faces and fingers pointing at him in appreciation restored his ego. "Thank yooooouuuu... ROCKEFELLER HIGH!" he finished and felt sorry for the students who were so worn out from studying that they couldn't clap properly.

After the impromptu concert he spotted Cindy, who was chewing gum and writing in her diary away from the crowd. Checking that she was watching, he got out a texta and wrote on the wall: "Q. What's an elephant? A. A sheep's tampon!" Jokes had never been Richie's strong point. Luckily, understanding jokes wasn't one of Cindy's strong points so she was visibly impressed.

"Hey baby — one man, one woman — you do the maths," he approached her.

"Oh Richard," she breathed "But what will my parents say? This is crazy, I'm only fifteen and I think I'm in love..."

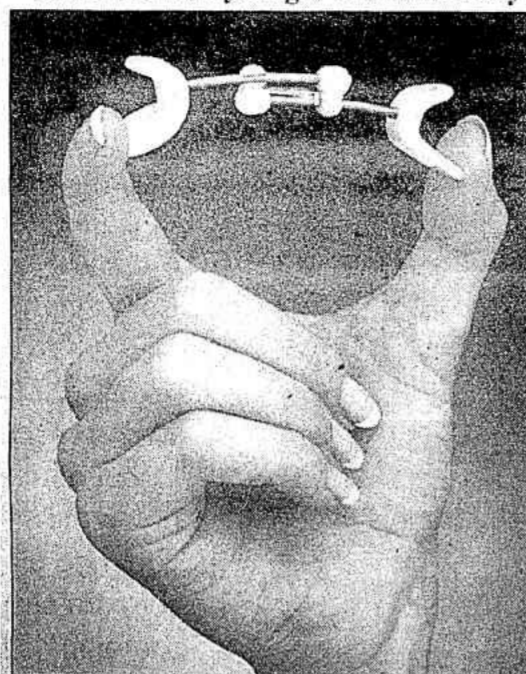
"Fifteen?" Richard gasped. "Listen, Cindy, you mean a lot to me, and this is why I care enough to tell it to you straight — fuck off." She dissolved in tears, which comforted Richard because she didn't look half so pretty with her eyes all red and snot coming out of her nose.

"Maybe I'm too old for this school lark," he mused, while hanging upside down on the jungle gym, his hair brushing the tannark. "The chicks are jilbait, and the lessons are boring." He swung back and forth and after gaining enough momentum, attempted a death drop. He landed on his knees, not only experiencing pain but dirtying his perfectly starched jeans. His vision went blurry and his chest heaved. "I want to go h-h-home!" he wailed. So he did.

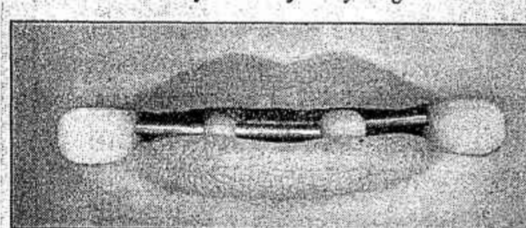
—SARAH HUTCHINGS

Facial Exerciser

You could look younger in 2 mins a day



We all know that exercise can take years off a flabby body; now there's evidence that exercising the muscles in your face and neck can be just as effective. If you're worried about sagging muscles adding years to your age, forget plastic surgery until you've tried the incredible Facial Exerciser. Initially developed to help victims of burns or accidents to regain strength in damaged muscles, a trial in the USA has shown a significant increase in facial firmness and in facial muscle strength. For most of us, this translates as a more youthful and vibrant look — and for minimal effort. Just 2 minutes a day should be all it takes to see a change. Made from quality stainless steel and plastic, the Facial Exerciser comes complete with 20 replacement elastics. At only \$19.90, it's the most affordable way to look years younger!



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Innovations Product of the Month

This month's product from those likely lads at *Innovations* gives you the secret of eternal youth for the low, low price of only twenty bucks. The "Facial Exerciser" which is, to say the least, an innovation, promises to permanently eradicate wrinkles from your face using the "new evidence" that the theory of weightloss can be applied to wrinkles on the face.

The "Facial Exerciser" is not only beneficial but positively humane as it has been used in the US to treat burn and other accident victims. There's little doubt, the "Facial Exerciser" is more than a piece of exercise equipment — it's a community service.

Not only does this breakthrough product come with a virtual guarantee of a new lease on life, but also with twenty, count 'em, replacement rubber bands so that when the odd one does explode under pressure inside your mouth, possibly causing enormous pain, you can quickly have the quality contraption shoved back in the old cake hole and working up and down like there was no tomorrow!

There's little doubt that the "Facial Exerciser" not only looks but sounds very appealing, and once you find out that it is indeed made from quality "stainless steel and plastic" (replacing so much of the shonky plastic of other mouth exercisers), there seems little choice about what to give your loved ones when next Christmas rolls around.



Your problems answered with Dean and Rob from "The Curiosity Show"

Dear Dean and Rob,
I read the letter in last month's *Woroni*, it made me remember just how much you flamin' cocks used to piss me off.

You and your paedophile-esque skivvies. You and your smarmy way of saying "I'm glad you asked" even when I didn't fucking well ask! You and your stupid rockets that always require some hard to find material that was always, according to you, "lying around the house". Who's house, I'd like to know! Not mine sunshine, because I didn't live in a house, I lived in an orphanage where there were no parents to supervise the building of the stupid models you always made me yearn to have.

I hate you both. Go choke on a pipe cleaner... you should find one lying on around your house!

Yours sincerely
Jake Patton — Fourth Year Law

Dear angst-ridden orphan,
Thanks for your letter pal, good to hear from you. Dean and myself always get a kick out of hearing from youngsters that used to be avid watchers of the "Q-Show". (That's slang for the Curiosity Show!)

Well anyway, in regard to your letter, it has occurred to us that what you need is to build yourself a set of parents.

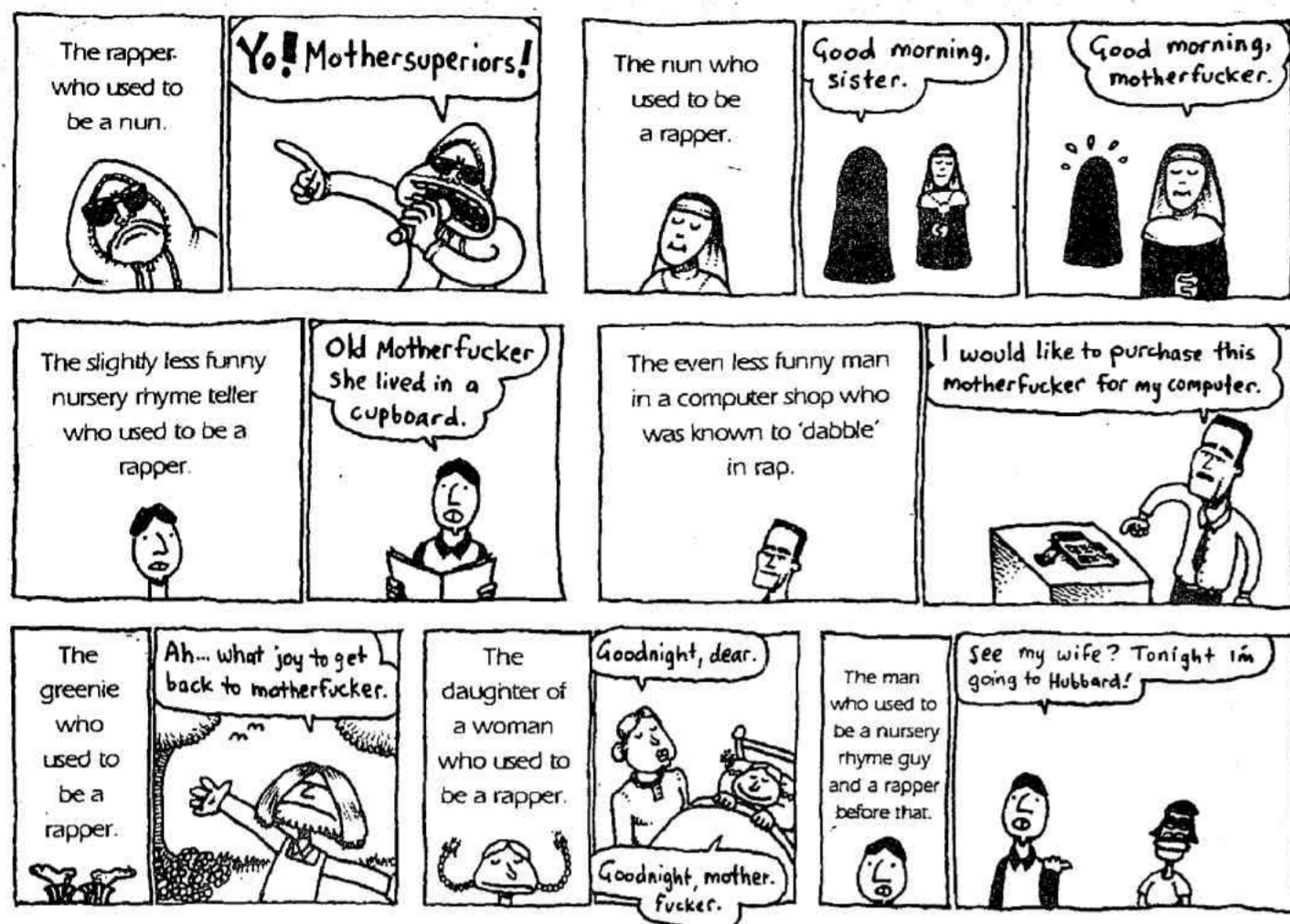
You will need:
* Something to simulate a voice. A broken record or a parrot perhaps.
* A book of cheesy anecdotes and sayings like, "an early bird catches the worm!"
* Neverending memoirs about time spent at the "school of hard knocks".

* Anxieties about a lack of success transferred on to you to such an extent that not only do you end up a failure but forced to drink to numb the pain.

* And finally, a little bit of TLC, but only in one of the parents — we don't want you getting spoilt or well adjusted now do we.

Write again orphan boy and let us know how it went, but 'till then, keep exploring your world.

Love Dean and Rob



The Woman of UCAN investigates "Professional Writing"

ALLOW me to introduce myself — I am The Woman of UCAN. I can spell my name, I can sing the alphabet... though I often forget if I should say 'zee' or 'zed' at the end... and yes! I can also partake in a degree called 'Professional Writing'. Allow me to set the scene...

At the beginning of the year our lecturer arksed, "Do any of you know what xenophobia means?" Of course there was no answer — common Belco folk like us don't know such big words.

But anyways... I am way proud to say that I have been announced as the winner of the 1997 Professional Writing UCAN Write Poetry Too Competition (commonly known around Belco Mall as *Poetry ain't just for smart folks no more, it's 'bout feelin's, an we all got those*).

Untitled

You've stolen my pride and something has died that lyed inside

Nothin', makes sence your reson in fence when logic intence

And t' understand led by the hand to a sacred land

where you're able t' feel Hope is for real you canNOT steal

To not comprehend the message I send set the mind abend No words need speak manipulation it wrecks towards help I seak

A decision to make the choices I rake to avoid the mistake That's ready been done to more than one and sent them a-run

t' where they're bound never to be found deep in the ground y'shown um pits 'o the earth where deamons at birth the decider of worth

Yet! The futur it tower an' try t'overpower

the ruin y'shower an all seems blight when ya put up a fight to keep insight

the right white light so I'll continue my quest to search for the best that I'll find in the rest.

Written anonymously by someone who we don't know who wrote it.

I must add — although you ANU people believe you are academically superior to us — it is now obvious that us UCAN people are poetically superior to you. So there. If you would like to join HOPSCOTCH, "Hooked on Poetics Club", please contact Wohronnie. Thanks. Love yews. The Woman of UCAN



Ordinary Aussies Against Ray Martin



ABOVE is a photo of everyone's favourite "ordinary Aussie" Ray Martin sipping a very ordinary chardonnay at a very ordinary cricket match. Ray's "I'm so ordinary" bullshit has gone miraculously unchallenged in every corner of Australia, so the appearance of a group calling themselves "Ordinary Aussies Against Ray Martin", who have recently come to *Woroni's* attention, strikes us as being a breakthrough in the wider media culture of this country.

Their press release states that their aim is "galvanising the anti-Ray sentiment lying dormant in Aussies everywhere". We couldn't agree more, so if you'd like to find out more about how you can help the cause, email oaarm@blitzen.canberra.edu.au or write c/o LPO Box 1 ANU ACT 2601.

Review with extreme prejudice

NINE INCH NAILS. NINE INCH NAILS. NINE INCH NAILS. NINE INCH NAILS. NINE INCH... Would you think me crazy if, like Jack Nicholson in *The Shining*, I set about filling page after page with the same sentence? Believe me, I have a purpose. In the same way that James Joyce's *Ulysses* explores ways of creating musical approximations with language, I am trying to turn the sounds I hear when I listen to this band into some form of written equivalent.

To me Nine Inch Nails sound like the same phrase written over and over on a page, a musical equivalent of a tap slowly dripping on to an exposed forehead. We could program a computer to write Nine Inch Nails 15 million times down a page yet remain safe in the knowledge that, no matter how many times the computer printed the words, it would never get any closer to even approximating an artistic or creative process. Likewise we may be equally certain of the fact that Trent Reznor could put out 15 million albums and never get any closer to even approximating, in any way good music.

The laws of Probability tell us that if you give a monkey a typewriter and some paper and proceed to let him bash at the keys for an infinite amount of time, then eventually he will type the entire works of Shakespeare. I say give the monkey a couple of samplers and an hour or so in the studio and he will almost certainly make a better record than 'Nine Inch Nails'.

Manufactured angst; this fuckhead pumps it out like tins of baked beans coming off a conveyor belt at the Heinz factory. Open one of Trent's tins, however, and there are no saucy, nutritious beans inside. There's nothing — it's empty. Trent's music is like a baked beans fart — it stinks for a while and then it's gone, like so much hot air.

Few songs have irritated me more in the history of rock than that 'I'm gonna fuck you like an animal' one. 'I'm gonna fuck you like an animal', Trent growls, all fluffed up bluster and bombast. Frankly, I'd rather get the typewriting monkey to take five and be fucked by the real thing. Trent's 'naughty' little song is about as erotic as a sitting of Parliament and as sexy as reading the transcripts back in Hansard while sucking Amanda Vanstone's toes.

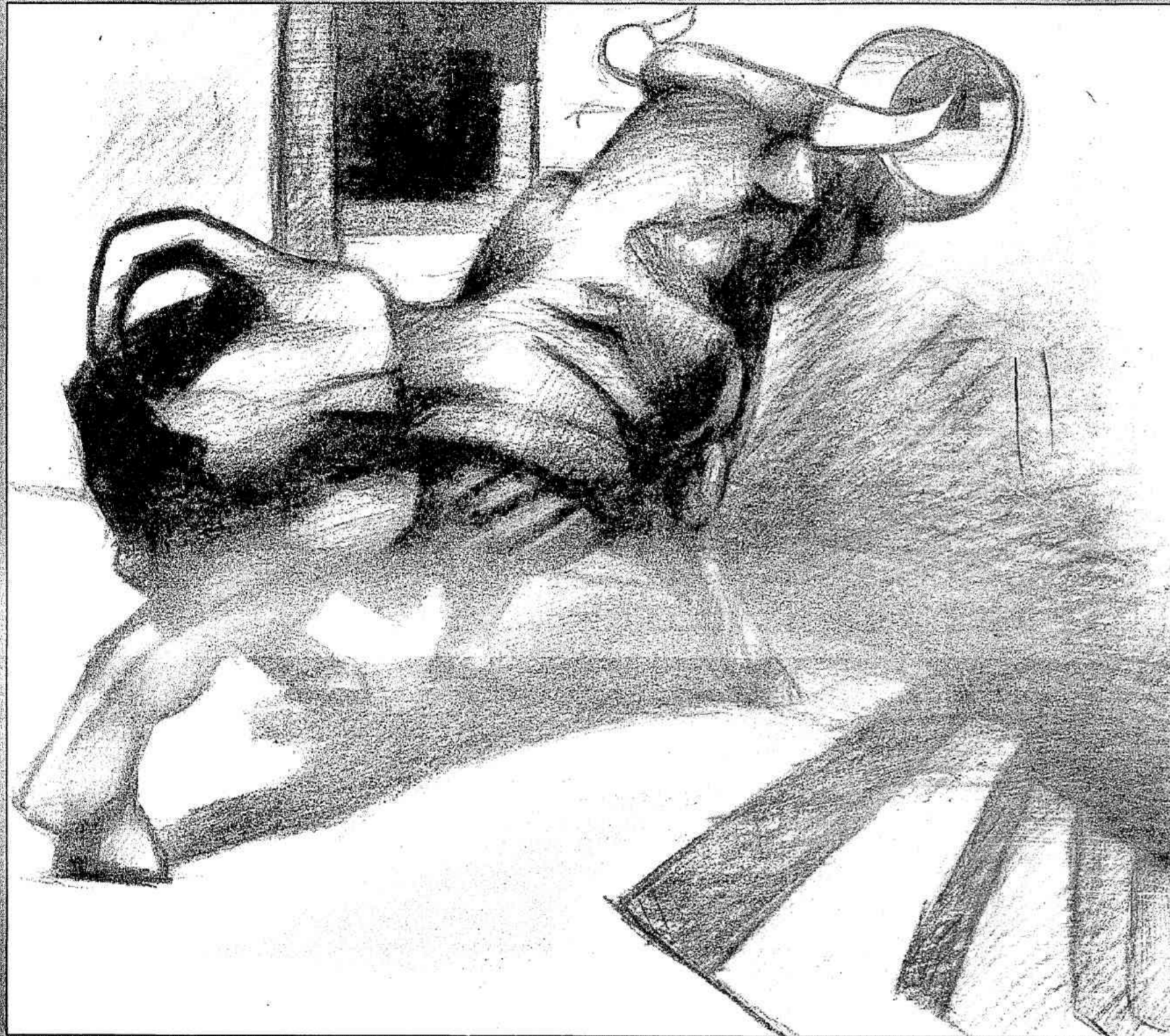
It never ceases to amaze me just how many jollies people can get out of hearing a swear word in a song. Triple J's request fest flogged 'Closer' thanks to the desire of thousands of giddy adolescents to hear a rude word on the radio. Often they dedicated it to their girlfriend/boyfriend. All around the country Trent was fucking people like an animal. My mate found him fucking his wife like an animal and blew his head off with a shotgun but it turned out to be a miming milkman; the radio on in the background.

Perhaps like the post-war baby boom, there will be a post Nine Inch Nails baby boom full of kids conceived by parents listening to Trent and his Nails. Then, as the population soars beyond all control, the Malthusian Principle will take hold, indiscriminately wiping out huge numbers of us as our earth struggles to provide enough to go around. In this post-apocalyptic world, expressions of angst will speak to human kind like never before and Nine Inch Nails will be number one everywhere. A new generation, inspired once more to 'fuck like animals', will breed again beginning a terrible cycle of massive birth rates, gross over population and catastrophic extinction. We must begin to teach geography better at school. If Robert Malthus was an A&R man he never would have signed Nine Inch Nails and whoever did must not have been taught his theory.

Basically the whole ruddy nightmare could have been avoided if only 'The Malthusian Principle and it's relationship to Nine Inch Nails 101' had been a compulsory unit at A&R university. Why is the music industry in general so ignorant of 18th century theories on population growth? I hate Nine Inch Nails and I need answers. Someone must be made to pay.

—ANDREW COX

THIS ARTICLE ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN THE FOURTH EDITION OF THE FAUVES' SELF-PUBLISHED MAGAZINE SHRED



sebastian perri
totem
1997

LIFESTYLE I hear it like

travel

Jetset into hell

3.40pm: I arrive at Canberra airport yet again and prepare to grapple with the bottle blonde Qantas employee who insists on checking me in just because he's aware that he gets up my nose. One time he asks me if I packed my bag myself, the implication being that if I didn't then it's almost certainly gonna have drugs in it. Another time he asks me if I have proof of funds to show customs in Wellington (my oh-so-glamorous overseas destination) and then, on this most recent trip, he asks me if I have a return ticket, knowing full well that I don't and that I don't need one to get into NZ.

4.10pm: I board the flight to Sydney. Small plane full of small brains going back to the big smoke. Small refreshments and small seats. Small air hostess... oops, flight attendant, and small amount of patience left to get me through the flight.

5.00pm: Aaah, the international transfer lounge at Sydney domestic airport. Packed with an eclectic bunch of people gathered together waiting for the bus to take them to the gateway to freedom. We are all at the

mercy of the bus driver who is sitting around the corner watching people get antsy because their flight is leaving really soon. Finally he condescends to drive us the kilometre to the international terminal.

5.25pm: The international terminal has a different atmosphere... sometimes you do spot people who look just like the ones in the ads, running into each others arms, flowers bestowed on glowing young women... but mostly it's full of people who live in fear of their flight being delayed and would kill to be a member of whichever executive lounge their airline is a party to... especially when the mandatory family turn up with a truckload of kids who want to know how long it's gonna take to get to London...

5.30pm: I head for the Qantas Club. Being the employee of a multi-national soul-stripping firm which sends me overseas on an obscenely regular basis, membership is practically mandatory. Basically it's one big bar with comfy chairs and heaps of free alcohol and peanuts. It allegedly offers patrons business facilities such as faxes, computers, net access etc, but I've



never seen them, much less anyone actually using them. There is however an abundance of laptops, whose owners crouch over them looking industrious, only to be given away by the tinny sound of the *Mad About You* theme song which they've down loaded from the net. It is all very polite and civilised on the surface, but there is an undercurrent of sleaze which pervades the executive lounge, manifesting itself in the form of the male executive spouting original lines such as "are you traveling alone?"

6.10pm: I board the plane amid cheerful yet forced greetings from Qantas staff who have to be nice to me because I've suffered at their hands on more occasions than most. My seat is way down the back and next to the window which is the opposite of what I asked for, naturally. I try and negotiate for the aisle seat but am informed by its occupant that he always sits in this seat because, and he leans forward conspiratorially, he has to take drugs. Well so what! I've got the smallest bladder in the world and

it's not gonna be pretty if I have to scramble over you to get to the bathroom...

7.20pm: After listening to the Barry Bissel for five seconds and then the soul channel for the rest of the time, the free bar service finally kicks in. While free drinks are always good, wherever you happen to be, airline food is always very ordinary, especially on Qantas, so it's down to the movie to make or break the flight. On my last trip I was subjected to *One Fine Day* with Clooney and Pfeiffer. Quite frankly, don't go and spend \$10 to see it; my firm spent \$1000 on my ticket and it still sucked.

11.30pm (Wellington time): The plane has finally landed and as we struggle to grab our bags, fill in our arrival documentation, conceal our duty free and turn our watches forward, my thoughts become cynical. Instead of being thankful for the opportunity to cross the Tasman and spend time in another country, free of charge, I bemoan my wretched state, my need for a shower and the bastard that told me international travel was glamorous and exciting.

—KYLIE McQUELLIN



Postcard from Jakarta

Every morning in my neighbourhood the local mosque calls the faithful to prayer, and the unfaithful along with them. It sounds a bit like Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan... being murdered, as the crackling loudspeakers amplifies a hormonal adolescent voice and blasts it into Jakarta's dawn.

Today my friend Bambang, an *ojek*- or motorbike-taxi driver has offered to take me around Jakarta on the back of a motorbike. Bambang has offered to take me to some of the election rallies, through back alleys, to Chinatown, past the skyscrapers, the shanty tenements and festering canals.

For many Australians today 'Indonesia' is an 'Asian Tiger' economy, smoothly soaring to prosperity. The economic boom, and a few decades of independence are creating tensions which are recasting the Indonesian polity. There is much to report: the spectacle of Jakarta, new wealth, new inequalities, ethnic and religious tensions; an industrial revolution; a peasantry migrating to the cities.

All of this is a backdrop to my year here. So what? Well, in Australia you can often ignore politics. But here, understanding a little politics and history helps one unlock the riddle of daily life.

Bambang and I chug along on the bike through the *kampung*- or cluster of houses, very ethnically diverse. Jakarta attracts migrants. Javanese, Sundanese, Sumatrans, Eastern Indonesians from across the archipelago. Scattered through the *kampung* are many Christians. Nearby is an ethnic Chinese buddhist temple. But Moslems are 90% of the populace and Bambang is emphatic on the benefits of Islam. Agnosticism is illegal in Indonesia, so I stick to the 'I am a buddhist' line. This

does not sit so well with Bambang who is still under the strange illusion that most Australians worship Christ. It is a common mistake to equate Islam in Indonesia with that in countries such as Iran. Here people are much more relaxed about their religion.

Bambang, chatting, tells me that he broke with family tradition of farming rice to seek his fortunes, like millions of others in Jakarta. For him, life as a rice farmer represents hardship, poverty, and ignorance.

Everywhere in Jakarta are signs of the economic boom which makes our politicians drool. Glass skyscrapers spring up across the city. People spill in from the countryside. A shroud of orange grey pollution gathers over the city. Peak hour traffic jams the road for kilometres.

Breakfast amidst the bleeping mobile phones at one of Jakarta's new cafes. Bambang waits outside. My companions are amongst Southeast Asia's nouveaux riches, the sort of people our politicians want to sell lots of things to.

We hit the motorbike again and the street is jammed by a procession of the PPP, the Islamic party. This month signals the beginning of the election campaign. Bright, Islamic green banners are everywhere, wrapping heads, motorbikes, and the trucks which are packed with chanting supporters. Youths have shaved their heads and painted their bodies green. Their major rival is the government backed Golkar party in the yellow corner, which on alternate days conducts similar campaigns.

As the official guidelines forbid 'passing judgement on, or criticising government policy' debate in the elections is somewhat limited. It is more of a chance for bored kids to hoon around the streets. Campaign tactics resemble those of a rugby league grand final — dress up in bright

colours, chant, and trash the opposition.

The boom has spawned new wealth, and with it new inequalities, which many claim has been a cause of the recent riots across the country. In 1996 there were no less than 14 major riots across the archipelago. Race, religion, and ethnicity tend to be the flashpoints fanned by *kesenjangan sosial* — the income gap. Riot police and soldiers line the streets. Their presence is a reminder of the ultimate power in Indonesian politics. The campaign, the main focus of the excursion lasts for several hours. After a lunch of noodles, Bambang and I take a siesta.

Later, the sunset is strangely beautiful through the haze of dust and pollution. My grinning motorcycle friend picks me up to hit the town. The mosques have started again, with their assurance that Allah is indeed almighty. Bambang takes me to many of Jakarta's nightspots — both up and down market. He is keen to take me to the *komplek* — the red-light district, adamant that I should participate in this local custom. But afraid of the omniscient Women's Studies deity I prefer an outdoor *dangdut* bar.

The working classes favour *dangdut*, a hypnotic kind of Indo-Arabic pop which you gyrate your hips to. Meanwhile international techno, along with ecstasy and other designer drugs has penetrated the consciousness of hip young Indonesians. Trance techno blares out in a mirrored night-club where at least half are tripping. Devoid of speed or ecy our energy drains away. Soon Bambang must go to the mosque again. As we pass the searchlight-lit glass towers of the CBD, passing street vendors selling peanuts and tofu, the dawn prayer is about to begin, assuring us once again that God is almighty.

I almost believe them as Bambang waves a cheery farewell and heads off to pray.

foreign correspondent

tom mccawley
csis@inovasi.com
centre for strategic and international studies



food



(above) Very Zen desserts at Bernadette's in Ainslie

campus look



Alan and Mia were on their way to the Art School (where Alan is majoring in his artwork) when they were spotted by our Woroni photographer. Alan was also on the lookout for some relevant children's activities. He is sporting his new Azzurri top, his Sun pants from Melbourne which are his favourite pair, soon destined to be made into flares for baby Mia. Mia is bouncing in her harness, 50% from Gorman House. She is dressed by Nanna, beanie by Mum.

eating out

Veg out at Bernadette's

There's no denying that Bernadette's is a trendy sort of place. Snuggled in at the back of the Ainslie shops (and hence an easy ride for the O'Connor dwelling student), it combines the delights of gourmet pizza with the succulent pleasures of a good Tofu Burger. Not to mention things that are a little more adventurous, including vegetable curries, laksas and lasagnes. But the best thing of all is the fact that you can curl up in a cosy red booth with a good fruit smoothie and take in the smell of fresh baked bread while you wait — a sort of Mum's kitchen atmosphere is a nice bonus if you fancy a relaxing meal.

On a chilly Tuesday night, we headed for the bright warm welcome of this, one of Canberra's premier vegetarian restaurants. We started out with Tung Tong, Thai fried wontons with potato, crunchy water chestnut and that oh-so-falafel coriander taste. They were beautiful, and dipped in sweet chilli sauce made for a nice light crunchy starter, although perhaps, at \$8.20, a little expensive for the student budget. Our other entree was the avocado and zucchini soup (\$6.00), which sounded promising, but had an

exhaustingly strong, tart flavour that could not quite be placed — lemon perhaps? The servings were generous, with healthy bits of side salad to freshen the palate.

This was quickly followed by the first main, a spinach, mushroom and ricotta lasagne served with a mountain of salad in tangy dressing (\$10.80). This was a huge main meal — perhaps a bit substantial if you're having a entrees or dessert, but great if you haven't eaten all day. The pleasant surprise was the second main, a soupy curry laksa which had that beautiful aroma, taste and nose blowing heat which is really hard to find unless you are a laksa lover and desperately hunt out the good places. With hokkien noodles, bamboo shoots and macadamias, this was full of different flavours delicately balanced, and well worth \$11.50.

And finally — the best thing about eating vegetarian and not eating all that gluggy meat fat — the guilt free desserts. After an unhurried rest to make some room in full tummies, we finished up with a slice of chocolate beetroot cake. The beetroot bit sounds weird, I admit, but it makes for a sweet rich cake and goes down beautifully with a decent coffee.

Altogether, Bernadette's is a great place to enjoy a filling and creative vegetarian meal, whether you want to lounge out with wedges, or go for a more exciting Eastern influenced taste adventure. My only disappointment was that the service, which I expected to be of a friendly fun all-us-vegetarians-together type, was a little reserved. The waitresses tend to look at you with something akin to suspicion, which detracts from the otherwise warm fuzzy atmosphere. But who knows — maybe I just got them on a bad night. Bernadette's is well worth a look in. Enjoy.

—PENELOPE SACHER

handy household hint
If you have problems storing CDs, attach them to cotton hung from the ceiling. Makes a handy walkthrough CD library and an interesting mobile for the kiddies.

eating in

Let my Nanna warm you through

Winter can be cold — but with these winter desserts from my Nanna's cookbooks, you can feel warm on the inside.

First up are her infamous, and very easy **Golden Dumplings**.

— In a basin, rub one tablespoon of butter into one cup of self-raising flour.

— Add one beaten egg and two tablespoons of milk. Mix.

— Roll the pastry into balls for the amount of dumplings required.

— Meanwhile, bring a cup of boiling water to the boil; add half a cup of brown sugar and another tablespoon of butter, and one tablespoon of golden syrup. Bring this to the boil, then lower the heat and drop in the dumplings and cook for about twenty minutes to absorb all the gorgeous flavours. Turn the dumplings while cooking.



(above) Apples: tempting, tasty and nutritious

Or you might like to try her **Marmalade Bread & Butter Pudding**:

— Butter and spread marmalade on one side only of four thin pieces of white bread.

— Beat two eggs.

— Mix in 500mL milk, two tablespoons of sugar with the eggs.

— Grease a pudding dish or any Pyrex or Corningware dish and put the bread inside.

— Pour the mixture over the bread in the dish.

— Pop it in a preheated oven at 180 degrees for about 35 minutes.

It will swell and be like a kind of baked custard — yummy!

You can also use currents, coco-

nut or blueberries for more flavour and texture.

Finally, try these delicious **Baked Apples**.

— Just one granny smith apple per person.

— Cut into the skin about one third of the way down to let the juices flow when they are baking.

— Core the apples.

— Pack the core with brown sugar, sultanas, maybe almond meal, and golden syrup or honey.

— Put the apples in a pan with a tiny bit of water and bake at 180 degrees for about 45 minutes.

Lavoilà! Warm winter desserts for all the family.

buying better

You don't bring me flowers... not anymore

Flowers and Romantic Love — an immediate association. But enough to reject flowers out of hand? Though they may remind you of bad curtains, Merchant Ivory films or prissy perfumes, flowers can be wacky & wild, and not as expensive as you imagine.

In order to reclaim flowers for the funky, a few basic principles ought to be observed. The odd birthday aside, spontaneity rather than an Occasion is a good reason to buy. Valentine's Day should definitely be avoided. A bouquet because you said something really stupid to your Beloved will not get you off the hook. However, if you're dropping over to a friend's place whose birthday you forgot six weeks ago, grab a bunch on the way and shrug coolly at the rapturous result. "I just felt like it", you say, and instantly gain cred for being an absent-minded but highly thoughtful chum. Feigned spontaneity, then, has a definite role to play.

All this aside, aren't flowers hideously expensive? Well, yes, but all is relative. As a gesture that's guaranteed to be appreciated, it's pretty good value. Some flowers, like poppies or tulips, are showy enough to be bought by the stem and padded out with green stuff. Some florists, like the flower-cart in Civic (Mehera's Garden) and Design a Bunch are great at arranging flamboyant effects from just a few exotic buds. Alternatively, a simple bunch of one sort of flower, like daisies or chrysanthemums, shouldn't cost more than \$7. That's an inexpensive gift, and better than buying a bottle of booze to cheer yourself up after an exam.

While the difference between delphiniums and lysianthus will be elementary to some, if you don't know much about flowers you'll find that staff in Civic are very helpful. John at the flower-cart is brilliant. The logo "Infinite Value, Earthly Prices" says it all, really. In contrast to such bohemian appeal, Design a Bunch (which is at the bottom of Civic, opposite McDonalds), has swanky decor and glamorous arrangements to match. For staff suggestions, though, David Jones is amongst the best.

Sometimes finding an inexpensive bunch means fending for yourself. Dickson Woolies is a case in point, so stick to a few procedures. Check that all of the flowers in a pre-arranged bunch are fresh and not threatening to droop. (It's perfectly fine to ask that a single bud or a slimy stem be replaced.) Ask for "unkillables" if you're pondering plants. Try to avoid babies' breath (ugh) and pink-rimmed cellophane. And when you take the flowers home, cut the stems at an angle and change the water regularly, sticking an aspirin (or sugar) in the water to drug the bunch into spriteliness.

A last word: if these all-too-pretty guidelines are not your style, remember that flowers are versatile things. A funeral wreath when you've been ditched may not be in good taste. Hacking off the buds of carnations and sending the stems may seem wasteful. Poison ivy can be discreetly woven into an innocent bunch, but we didn't suggest it. Revenge, lust, fun — go wild.

—KATE BOOTH & LANA G NADI



(above) Spruce up your rusty old bike with some cheap flowers

money

Where?	Pick of the Bunch	Average Big Bunch	Presentation
Mehera's Garden (flowercart)	\$12 mixed natives	\$8 — \$12	Brown paper and raffia
David Jones (Civic)	\$9.50 chilli plant	\$15.50	Generous wrapping with all the trimmings
Embassy Florist (City Markets)	\$15 roses	\$15 — \$25	Over the top with cellophane — conventional
Design-A-Bunch	Everything is gorgeous — but expensive	\$15	Spectacular — arty, spiffy
Ursula's Florist	\$7.50 chrysanthemums	\$12.50	Tends towards the corny

legal ease

Copyright: whose rights?

This column was inspired by a disillusioned Arts graduate's tale of woe. The student had submitted her Honours thesis and asked her department not to distribute copies. Nevertheless, copies of the thesis were made and distributed. If the situation in question was accurately described to *Woroni*, this would appear to be a breach of the student's copyright. This article outlines students' rights under the Copyright Act 1968 in general terms.

When is copyright protection available?

The Commonwealth Copyright Act provides for copyright protection in many situations. There is no procedure that needs to be followed to obtain copyright protection—protection is automatic as long as the subject matter meets certain requirements.

Most students will be most concerned with the provisions of the Copyright Act which afford protection to literary works. These are defined broadly as works affording information and instruction, or pleasure, in a literary form. A person who can assert copyright over a work is granted exclusive rights including the rights to reproduce, publish, perform, broadcast or adapt the work at issue. This is justified on the basis that such rights are necessary to give people an incentive to create new works by ensuring that creators have first claim to the fruits of their work. However, copyright does not protect creators against those who independently produce a work which is the same as, or similar to, the original work.

Significantly, copyright protects expression but not ideas; and the expression must be original. As a result, an industriously assembled collection of factual material cannot be protected, although the expression in a description of it might be. For example, it has been held that

the contents of a telephone directory are not protected by copyright. A further requirement is the work must have been reduced to 'writing or some other material form', which includes means of storage from which the work could be reproduced. Thus, you cannot claim protection for your most brilliant thoughts if you have spoken them but they have not been committed to paper or otherwise recorded.

The enforceability question

On the strength of the above, an essay or thesis is a legitimate subject for copyright protection. Of course, it is one thing for students to be able to claim copyright protection and entirely another thing to be able to enforce that right in a way which affords control over a work. In fact, examples of the difficulty of enforcing copyright are a common feature of student life: for example, the unchecked practices of photocopying large portions of books and articles

or computer software in breach of the Copyright Act.

Remedies under the Copyright Act include damages, injunctions to prevent further infringements or accounts of the profits made by the offending party as a result of the infringement. However, most student copyright cases should not even reach the stage where these remedies are an issue due to the costs of taking a case to court. Generally, it is probably a better idea to discuss the problem and ask that it not be repeated. However, the case might be different if, for example, your lecturer has taken one of your essays and published it under her or his own name.

Exceptions

The guide presented above is generally valid for undergraduate students. On many lawyers' reasoning, it is also valid for postgraduate students. On the other hand, University staff cannot claim copyright

over works which they produce in the course of employment, as the Copyright Act implies into employment contracts a condition assigning copyright ownership to the employer. At ANU, contracts of employment often explicitly state that intellectual property (including copyright) which is generated in the course of employment will be owned by the University.

Some commentators have argued that postgraduate students conducting research may be classified as employees, especially if the University can exercise control over the subject matter of their research. If a court found this to be the case, the copyright in works produced by a Ph.D student would be owned by the University. For this reason, the Postgraduate and Research Students' Association advises postgraduate students who have questions about their intellectual property rights to seek legal advice.

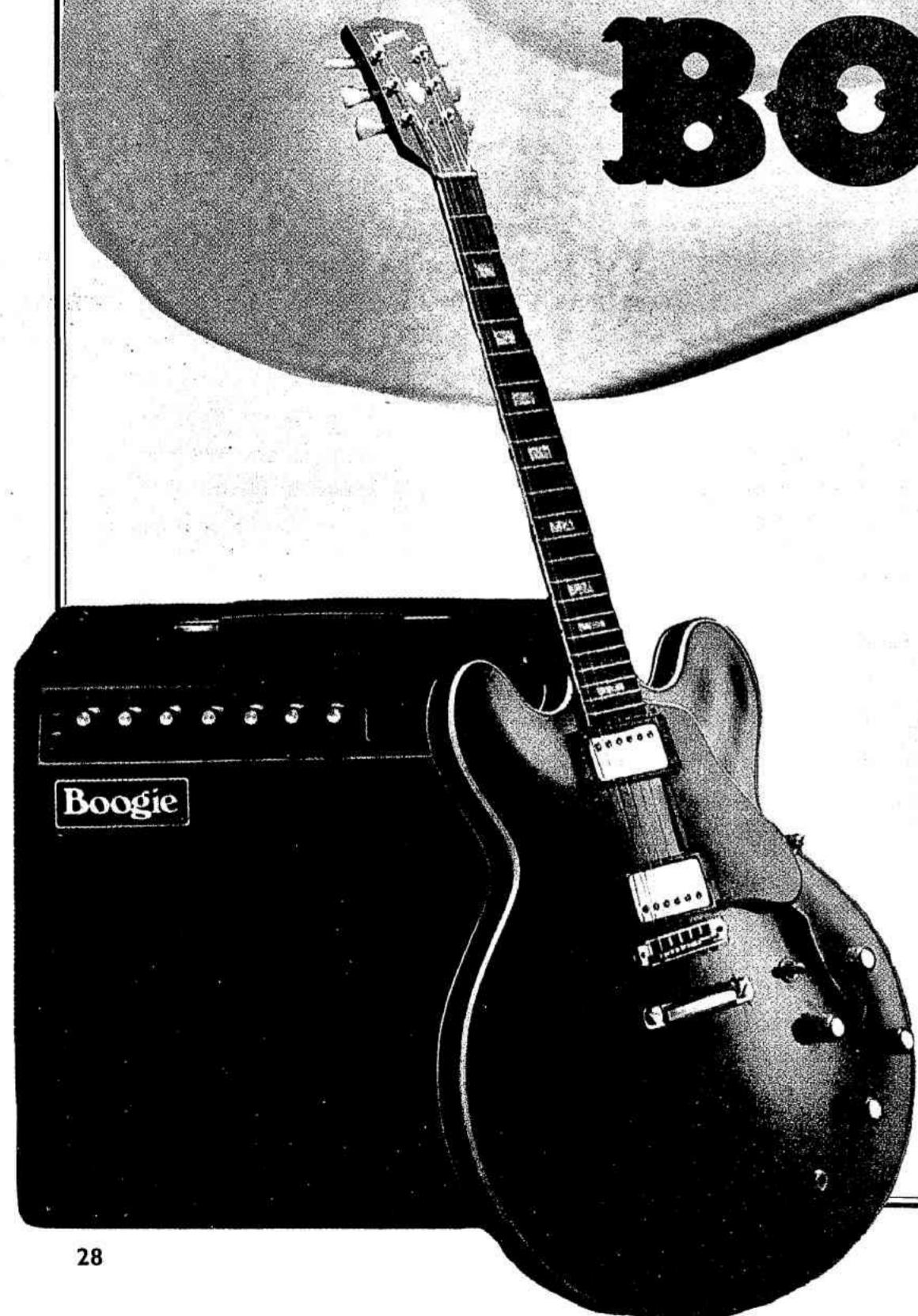
—PETER STILL

CULTURE

you better call ghost



THANK GOD I'M A COUNTRY BOY



Do you have fantasies about owning big pairs of cowboy boots? You could soon be cool — word on the street is that country music is fast becoming hip, as the kitsch revolution sinks its teeth into the nineties. So slide into those boot scootin' denims, stick on your roo shootin' hat, and side step your way down to the Workies for a bit of country music fun. *Woroni* reporter and line dancing aficionado JOHN BREUSCH leads the way.

(left) The guitar is the country musician's best — and perhaps only — friend

Country music suffers from an image problem, and it's not hard to see why. Have a listen to Tammy Wynette's whimsical *D-I-V-O-R-C-E*. Take a look at Garth Brooks' taste in shirts. Try on a pair of tasseled white leather boots.

But all this may be changing. Very cool tends to follow very kitsch — look at Adriana Xenides' current popularity. And there are indications that the wheel is turning for country music. Way cool hipsters Custard recently released a country sounding single, Ween released a completely country album, Beck dips his toes in country influences, everyone wants to boof Chris Isaac and Johnny Cash is almost as far beyond criticism as the Dalai Lama. And Willy Nelson fans are turning up all over the place.

So what are we all in for then? Are very tight black jeans, big hair and lonesome lyrics about to be bigger than bongo drums? Is the steady 4/4 beat at Heaven soon to be rudely interrupted by an upcountry upbeat?

A good starting point to see what country music is all about would have to be the Australasian Country Music Festival, held in Tamworth every January. With the Big Day Out finished, the Tamworth festival may well be on the precipice of hipdom. But no further than the precipice. For whilst it isn't yet a Mecca for people seeking cutting edge alternative lifestyles, Tamworth is able to provide plenty of sub-culture shock.

The typical festival patron is a true anthropological wonder — white, retirement-aged, large cowboy hat (more US than Australian) with far too many badges stuck into it, and a fold-up chair. You need the latter item because Peel Street, the main drag of the Country Music capital, is littered with buskers — literally one every twenty metres, on both sides of the road, for about three blocks. If you're partial to a busker, just plonk down the seat, sit back and soak it in. If you're particularly partial to the busker, drop the seat and have a line dance on the footpath.

The busker set-up involves one crooner, their guitar and an amp — oh, and the drum/bass machine which is usually sophisticated enough to allow the busker to stop strumming their guitar whenever they feel like it, without any noticeable interruption to the music. The average age of the buskers appears to be somewhat less than that of the patrons, and consequently their fashion can be a bit more outrageous — hard core ho-downers wear big boots, tight black jeans, a ridiculously large belt buckle and a two-tone, Garth Brooks style shirt. Songs concentrate on the themes of love or hardship, and preferably a potent mix of both.

Special guest at Tamworth this year for the annual awards ceremony (where you can win the Golden Guitar) was LeAnn Rimes, the teenage American superstar whose song "Blue" is probably recognisable in Outer Mongolia. The story goes that the

song was written for Patsy Cline, but Patsy died before she could record it. So the songwriter waited until he heard someone who could do justice to his song. Schoolgirl LeAnn had not only the requisite voice, but also the highly desirable attributes of long blonde hair and a double barrel first name. Her stardom was assured — a fact evidenced by her recent appearance on the big stage, down stairs in our very own Canberra Centre.

But LeAnn is not the only superstar to recently emerge from country music. The other great mover and shaker is the cult of line dancing, which has taken over Tamworth. On a short visit to the Country Music Festival eight years ago, line dancing was only an occasional sight. In 1997, it accompanies every semi-decent busker. In fact, one old guy playing an organ (with requisite drum-machine backing) was able to draw the biggest crowd I saw on Peel Street, accompanied as he was by about twenty people turning, clapping, toe-tapping and hat-dipping in perfect unison.

Like country music, line dancing is not, and never has been, culturally high brow. This unfortunate truth is not entirely surprising, considering that line dancing initially grabbed national attention with the fleeting stardom of Billy Ray Cyrus and his number one hit "Achy Breaky Heart". The

Schoolgirl LeAnn not only had the requisite voice, but also the highly desirable attributes of long blonde hair and a double barrel first name.



song's video clip focussed upon a number of big-haired women twisting, turning, clapping and wagging their hips in a bizarre ritual, as Billy Ray, on the stage above, appeared to play the guitar and open his mouth in unison with the accompanying music. Even if Billy Ray did disappear from the public eye faster than Wendy James, line dancing began its world domination.

And like LeAnn Rimes, line dancing has made its way not only to the Country Music Capital, but the national capital. So it is, then, that on a Thursday night, all these years after Billy Ray's mercurial demise, I should find a group of line-dancers doing their thing in the unlikely location of the Australian-Austrian Club, Mawson, ACT. Standing beneath the flags of these oft-confused countries, Phil, the dance leader, takes the crowd of about fifty through a new routine, calling out the movements on his *Solid Gold*-esque microphone. "Hip-turn-step-turn, kick-step-turn-step". The song turns out to be more Latin than country, which allows Phil to throw in a few 'shimmies' — the hip waggle so shamelessly exhibited in "Achy Breaky Heart" and a move at which Phil, I'm told, is a master.

In addition to Billy Ray's landmark song, the playlist for the night includes "Honkytonk Stomp", "Watermelon Craw!", "Bowlegged Boogaloo", "Fat Sally Lee" and, interestingly, "Swamp Thing". Each song has its own dance, and one couple told me that, in the 18 months they have been involved in line dancing, they've learnt over 180 different dances. There doesn't seem to be a

(right) Nick Shaw's big sexy cowboy boots. Modelled by Jane Stratton, photo by Emma White



strict line dancing attire, although black jeans, boots, and a line dancing T-shirt ("National Capital Bootscooters") are favoured.

Although line dancing is a child of country music, many people involved at the Austrian Club that Thursday night were not country music fans. Instead, the main attraction of line dancing probably lies in the fact that although a lot of people like to dance, they tend to get embarrassed about making up their own dancing style. The usual way to avoid feeling so self-conscious about the way you move your body in response to music is by taking drugs. Line dancers, however, don't seem quite the type to take ecstasy or drink huge amounts of alcohol. Rather, they avoid self-consciousness and inhibition in an activity which avoids individuality at all costs — line dancing demands a level of conformity which would be invaluable as a contestant on *Family Feud*. I remember seeing an interview with Mick Jagger once, in which he was talking about his recent fascination with Latin dancing. The appeal, said Mick, was that after years of getting up in front of the Rolling Stones and moving his body however he liked, it was fantastic to be able to dance in a way that was already set down. Same goes for line dancers.

The only problem is, that despite Mick Jagger's endorsement of set dancing, uniformity in dancing is simply not cool — just think of the *Macarena*. Line dancing's kitsch image is certainly not lost on the dancers themselves. There is almost a feeling of apol-

ogy for being involved, such that one lady, who works at ANU, spoke of the way she has to "come out of the closet" to tell her friends about her being a line dancer. In an arcade off Peel Street in Tamworth, I came across a line-dancing troupe consisting of mum and dad and the four kids, all dressed up in matching tasseled sky-blue uniforms, white hats and white boots. Everybody seemed to be having a wonderful time, except perhaps the eldest daughter, the look on whose face gave away her recent realisation that, when you're about sixteen, family line dancing isn't quite as cool as it used to be.

If only she could see round the next corner, she'd realise just how happening she is. All the signs are there that country music and line dancing are about to become big in qualitative, as well as quantitative, terms. Line dancing's surrogate father, Billy Ray Cyrus, has an image that is so tacky, it verges on cult status; Bruce "The Boss" Springsteen has returned to his country/folk style, and is once again the darling of the critics; "alternative rock bands" are citing country influences for cred. When your image is as kitsch as that of line dancing, the anti-fashion wave will surely carry you all the way to hipdom.

That's right. Get into it now, before it gets too popular. If you want to be like those people who went to Bali before it was commercialised, or who went to Heaven before it went straight, go line dancing at the Workies this Monday night. And if I'm wrong? ... I've heard break dancing is coming back...

reviews

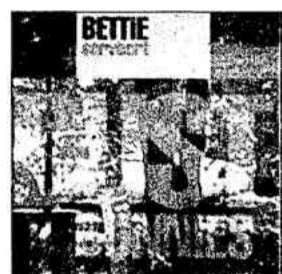
music

★★★★★

DUST BUNNIES

Bettie Serveert

Beggars Banquet/Shock



Bettie Serveert are a Dutch band. In English their name means "Bettie serves" (as in a tennis ball). However, silly names aside, their third album manages to be beautiful, melancholy, joyously carefree and tender all at once. Bettie's first album *Palomine* is my absolutely favourite record of all time, so I guess I've always had high expectations, but after the not-quite-so-good second album, I was a little worried it might have been a one off. Not to fear. *Dust Bunnies*, while not as life-changing as *Palomine*, is glorious.

Bettie Serveert are special because, to me at least, they somehow manage to make all their songs sound alive, real, personal and warm in a way that no-one else seems to be able to. (Okay, maybe You Am I or Big Star on a good night, but that's about it.) If you close your eyes, they could be sitting in your kitchen in their pyjamas, singing just for you. One minute they're singing about loneliness in scared whispers, and the next they pick you up again with the jinglejangle of "Rudder", Carol singing "You want something to do?/Make a record or two!".

Dust Bunnies is an album in the true, good old-fashioned sense of the word — everything fits so wonderfully that the Random button on your stereo becomes obsolete. It's that plus the tone of the record that makes it

so goood — the perfect wobbly ease with which they play their music, making it all sound as if it's played live at one o'clock in the morning. They play pop that swings along, the guitars hitting notes in the middle of solos that you didn't think were actually playable, and the lyrics perfectly expressing the things you're feeling, before you even realise that you're feeling them. So, maybe they're not doing anything revolutionary in terms of song structure, but just when you thought you'd do someone a mischief if you heard another song using C, G, E minor and D, Bettie breathe new life into the whole tired ol' formula, and make you grin and sigh in spite of yourself.

Don't be fooled by the easy, throwaway pop sound that this band have mastered — if you listen close enough, you quickly realise that this is music that means something special — music that matters. *Dust Bunnies* is a darn good album that has already taken on the kind of role in my life that is usually reserved for my favourite t-shirts... and I've only had it a week.

—PAUL H

★★★

ENVY OF ANGELS

The Mutton Birds

Virgin/EMI



For a long time, the Finn brothers have dominated New Zealand's presence on the pop music world stage. With the end of Crowded House, many people are now looking to The Mutton Birds to fill the void. Only problem is, The Mutton Birds have decided to base themselves in England. Of course, that shouldn't matter — we have no difficulty in claiming that Mel Gibson is still Australian.

The Mutton Birds play what you might call intelligent pop. Not ultra catchy tunes, like their new Zealand predecessors, but songs which need time to grow, and indeed do grow. You can imagine REM playing this music, or The

Stone Roses sans drugs, if that's conceivable. Singer and chief songwriter Don McGlashan has a fine voice, which likes to slide over the music rather than dominate it, and his lyrics are simple yet smart at the same time.

Envy of Angels' first track, a Powderfinger replica, is a bad foot to step off on. But things soon get going, especially with the minor key restraint of "She's Been Talking", the pure pop of "April" and "Come Around", which is one of those songs that you feel was just waiting to be written. There are a couple of free-riders, which often suffer from a bout of self-consciousness, but invariably even these have a particular defining moment which makes them worthwhile. This album also contains a bonus track, "Don't Fear the Reaper", which is a treat, except that the band then decide to go for that mindless and highly unoriginal practice of putting about three minutes of nothing on the end of the last track on the album.

This fact alone shows that The Mutton Birds aren't playing ground-breaking music. At the same time, though, it's certainly not textbook stuff, such that *Envy of Angels* ends up being a very well crafted album. And now that these boys have decided to set up shop in Britain, let's just hope they don't get involved with those raucous Brit Pop louts.

—JOHN BREUSCH

★★★

TRANSMITTER

Automatic

Murmur

Transmitter, the new offering from Australian band Automatic, is another easy trip down the popular lines of Silverchair and Powderfinger. Full of power chords, Hendrix feedback and single guitar melodies repeated ad nauseam, the album feels like every song has a painful similarity to the one before. The guitar solos are predictable and familiar, while the drumming is reminiscent of every struggling band that has every covered "Smoke on the Water". There is nothing new.

Automatic's influences are pronounced and show clearly in their performance style — their vocals sound like a combination between Iggy Pop and that guy from The Clash, only with less attitude. They have however, retained a certain Australian Pub Rock sound, which although not unique, is familiarly welcome. Automatic is really only one step removed from the grass roots sound, and is probably most effectively performed in shady bars all over the country to an audience standing ankle deep in Victoria Bitter.

Transmitter is, on the whole, rather predictable. When Automatic first emerged, record companies were pissing in each others pockets to sign them, thinking they might be the next big act. However, due to slow writing and production, Automatic missed the originality train, and they don't have the edge to create their own market, yielding their spot to bands like Powderfinger and Sidewinder.

If you think Silverchair are deserving of their success, wonder why Bad English are not in the charts any more, and have Triple J stickers all over your car, chances are you

will think *Transmitter* is a value packed purchase. Enjoy.

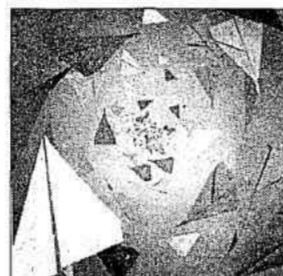
—NICK SHAW

★

DIZZY HEIGHTS

The Lightning Seeds

Epic/Sony



I think it was Evan Dando who once said that he tried never to put a band down, even if he hated their music, because he thought there was something beautiful about a few people writing their own songs, and practising in their garage until they think they're good enough to take on the world, even if their songs turn out to be quite crap. I agree, so I threw away my first review of this album, which was vitriolic and nasty, resolving to try to be a bit nicer, in the manner of Mr Dando.

But it's hard sometimes. The new album by the Lightning Seeds is the most puerile record I've heard in a long time. This record makes Kula Shaker look exciting. But I guess I'd rather they spent time in the studio making records than hung around their local mall, harrasing old ladies. I'll try to be nice.

The Lightning Seeds have recorded an album of pop songs that are bland, lifeless and completely lacking in soul. Every song sounds plastic and pathetic, and the lyrics are worse: "Remember all the Mersey skies on rainy streets, I spent the night with friends of mine who had their time then drifted away." Stuff like this might work if it was accompanied by beautiful melodies or great riffs, but I just found myself thinking, please, leave the poor Beatles alone.

One song goes for the Primal Scream "getcha rocks off" feel but I'm sorry, my rocks remained firmly on. Another sounds like a vain attempt to do a Cardigans "Rise & Shine" kind of thing, but I just wanted to put my head under the pillow and sob. *Dizzy Heights* is really bad. It lacks soul, swing, sex, heartfelt emotion, great chord changes, beautiful melodies and style — in short, all the things that make music so good. Why couldn't I get the new James album instead?

—PAUL H

★★★

NINE LIVES

Aerosmith

Sony



A friend of mine noted that the new Aerosmith album must be a strong

Bonus giveaway

Woroni has lots of exciting bonus giveaways this week. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! to get free tickets to see The Mutton Birds live at the Gypsy Bar on May 30th, and win their new CD. And if you don't like The Mutton Birds, you could win the new Automatic CD instead. So many choices! To Win! Win! Win! just tell us here at Woroni why we're your fave alterna-pop!

the mutton birds
Envy of Angels



(right) If you're really clever, you might be able to match these books to their reviews

comeback due to the fact that the first single, ("Falling in Love (is hard on the knees)") has parentheses in the title. This is an astute observation, because not only does every glam/hard rock/soft metal band worth their salt have to have at least one song with parentheses but *Nine Lives* also happens to be quite a solid resurrection for one of the bands that defined seventies and eighties corporate rock.

Apart from the aforementioned new single, there are some quite solid songs from the boys in the American flag jeans and silk scarves. The opening track, complete with cheese factor cat yowls, rocks with the conviction of the best seventies Aerosmith. The coolly cliched titles of "Something's Gotta Give" and "Ain't that a Bitch" live up to their promise of trash rock at its best as Steven Tyler wails his way through lyrics that are alternately hilarious and hilariously awful. Sample: "We were makin' love when you told me you loved me." "My libido has blown a transistor." "Gotta love that sweet taste of India... Gotta know what's gotten into ya". Then there are some that defy categorisation and simply become confusingly weird, such as "Love is like the right dress on the wrong girl, you never know what you're gonna get." Aha? But my prize for funniest line on the album goes to this beauty, "I got terminal uniqueness, I get caught up in my freakness, But I ain't no Peter Pan".

No Peter Pan is right. Steven Tyler, apart from looking, acting and writing music like the son of a union between Mick Jagger and Alice Cooper, now has a face like a deflated basket ball — a fact carefully disguised by the single band photo and predominance of cool underground cartoons.

All in all this is a decent album, minus the dud tracks that you would expect. But listening to it one must remind one's self that the brand of trash rock performed by the likes of Aerosmith has become the most unfairly maligned musical form of recent years. Ignore the slick production, glam image and concentrate on the fact that Aerosmith and Co. have come up with riffs that would put most fashionable indy bands in the world to shame.

—BRENDAN SHANAHAN

books

★★★
THE DUSTBIN OF HISTORY
 Greil Marcus
 Macmillan
 \$16.95



In the Book of Ecclesiastes it says "And some there be that have no memorial

...and are come as though they had never been born". These are the people who are forgotten and left in the Dustbin of History. Or are they? Marcus' voice is a fresh wind that raises the choking cloud of dust that has settled on our complacent versions of history. For Marcus history is not something frozen in the past: it is dynamic, lived, it is being written and re-written all the time. Any 'official' history not only chooses the events which become History, but also chooses what to leave out. And it is these seemingly insignificant and transitory cultural events — popular uprisings, artistic expressions, underground voices — that reveal most about ourselves and the nature of history, with its mystery and spontaneity, its feelings, ideas and people. Something which cannot be explained away in terms of wars, institutions, political or social movements.

This would explain Marcus' interest in as diverse topics as the '68 revolution, Tianamen Square, Picasso's 'Guernica', Robert Johnson, Gnostic strains of history, the Beat generation CD box set, and even a recent biblical exegesis which argues that the 'original' source of the old testament was written by a woman. *The Dustbin of History* is full of these subterranean stories and detailed exegesis, continually challenging the reader with new angles and surprises. One of the most quirky illustrations of a 'living history' comes from the demolition of the Berlin Wall, now supposedly relegated to the past. The redundant Berlin guard dogs were settled in new homes to begin new lives like everyone else, yet on innocent walks around the old wall site they automatically reverted to their 'official' duties. The past is alive in these dogs, and Greil writes with passion and energy of a history alive and, well, barking. This is an excellent read, a slap in the face to the academic style of writing history, and just as sophisticated. Highly recommended.

—BEN REEVES

★★
GUT SYMMETRIES
 Jeanette Winterson
 Granta Books
 \$29.95



If you are a Winterson devotee then what ever I say about this book won't have any effect on whether you read it or not. But if you have never read any Winterson, warning: this is not the place to start. Go back to earlier and far better works like *Oranges Are Not The Only Fruit*, and *The Passion*. While I am a firm believer that an author's biography should not affect what their work has to say, you might want to know what you're dealing with here. Basically, she's a bit of a wanker. In a *Sunday Times* book pages survey in 1994 she nominated herself "the great-

est living novelist writing in English". OK, so the woman can string a sentence together that sends shivers down the spine, but the greatest living novelist? Anyway, as far as *Gut Symmetries* goes, for me the greatest failing of the novel was that I found it difficult to care about her frequently irritating and self-indulgent characters. Jove is a successful and respected physicist and just as successful adulterer until he meets the rather impressionable Alice, a younger woman, also a physicist. The story is of their affair, which becomes progressively complicated as she meets his wife Stella (a poet) and begins an affair with her. While the writing does contain moments of brilliance and I do love her unconventional prose style and fluid use of gender and sexuality, Winterson is trying to do too much in this novel; so much it's tiring. If Mariah Carey suffers from over-singing, sometimes Winterson has the writer's equivalent in this novel with lines like: "I had come out dressed to kill and I was the one being murdered." Puke. Perhaps if she wasn't trying so hard to impress in this novel, she would.

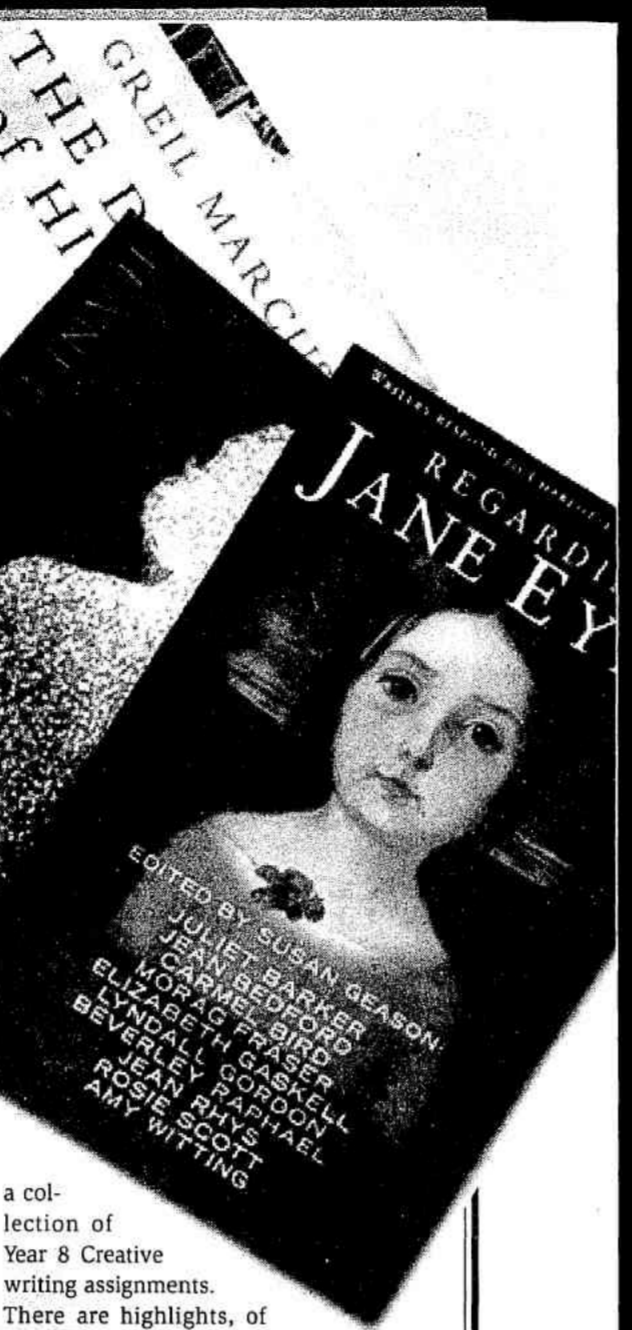
—KELLY FARRELL

★★
REGARDING JANE EYRE
 Edited by Susan Geason
 Random House
 \$17.95



I remember reading *Jane Eyre* when I was eleven years old, and longing to be small and plain and half starved so that I could run across moors and fall in love with Mr Rochester. According to Susan Geason, every little girl who read *Jane Eyre* went through something of the same thing. *Regarding Jane Eyre* is a collection of writing on and back to the novel, and ranges from Mrs Gaskell's biography of the famous Miss Bronte, to Carmel Bird's imagining of Jane, windows and the internet in "janeyre@window".

This is such a fascinating way to deal with literature, but for some reason it doesn't quite work in this collection. So many of the stories are trying to be novel, and there is an air of self consciousness about the whole idea. It feels like nothing so much as



a collection of Year 8 Creative writing assignments. There are highlights, of course. Morag Fraser's "The Landscape of Father Lovers" is an eerily strong piece of writing in its own right, and actually contributed something to my reading of *Jane Eyre*. But reproducing the letters of Jean Rhys (*Wide Sargasso Sea*) says nothing about *Jane Eyre* so much as the creative process of the struggling artist. Fascinating, but irrelevant.

This collection is only for the *Jane Eyre* freak. It will tell you everything about what Jane had for breakfast at Lowood House, to the child abuse that made her fall in love with Mr Rochester — father figure — to what she'd e-mail to us if she were around today (not that she ever actually existed in the first place). Ultimately self indulgent, this is a disappointment.

—PENELOPE SACHER

★★★★
HUNGRY GHOSTS
 Susan Johnson
 Picador
 \$14.95



The analysis of friendship, the emotional geography of mind and body and the callous ease with which life can be burnt at both ends are uniquely explored in *Hungry Ghosts*. This is a novel of mature vision and clever whispers, as the novel follows three characters over three continents with a constant breath of intelligence that makes every changeover exciting.

The modern soul stands exposed as three people cast off Australasia and the family foundations that held them too insecurely

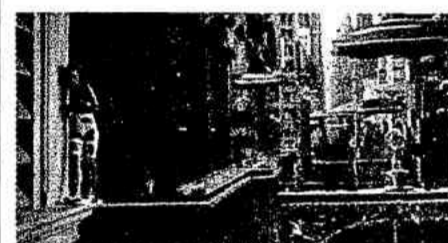
in youth. Their burning desire is to find life in the greatness of artistic expression, love and material greed.

At times *Hungry Ghosts* exposes a way of life that is not far from the one dredged up in *American Psycho*, where human value is extinguished in the pursuit of self. In a way *Hungry Ghosts* warns against over extension into hope or defilement; but at the same time draws the torture of not living by exploring them. In short, a life un-lived leaves no mark on the world, so not fulfilling the craving of the modern western soul for a substantially realised existence.

Hungry Ghosts is thirst quenching fiction written from afar, and as such it offers a profound perspective for any modern Australian exploration.

—ROBERT UMPHREY

films



(above) Luc Besson's vision of the future: flying taxi cabs and girls in skimpy clothes

★★★★

THE FIFTH ELEMENT

Directed by Luc Besson

Greater Union

Rated M

You're a great director if you can make homages to your own movies and not come off looking like a wanker. The opening shot of *The Fifth Element* (which marks Luc Besson's return to science fiction after his early short film, *Le Dernier Combat*) is lifted from Besson's *La Femme Nikita*, and it's still cool.

Giving away any of the plot to this movie would be doing you a disservice. It doesn't matter, anyway. Even if the script was pure shit, the movie would still be worth seeing simply for the production design. The look of the film — set in New York some three hundred years in the future — was handled largely by Moebius (Jean Giraud), a living legend in the comic industry and one of the few artists it's impossible to overrate. Add this to costume design by Jean-Paul Gaultier, and what you get is the first SF movie whose look



really eclipses *Blade Runner*.

The performances in the movie, without being spectacular (with the exception of the jaw-dropping Chris Tucker), are definitely in keeping with the balls-out Hugo-Gernsback's-wet-dream flavour of the movie. Bruce Willis, Ian Holm and Milla Jovovich all turn out solid characters, Gary Oldman sports his best accent yet and there are a bunch of cool character actors popping up all over the place, including Brion James, Lee Evans, and even Tricky (and forget *A Self-Made Hero* — Matthieu Kassovitz is in this one).

The film also has the obligatory Huge Action Scenes, perhaps with less of the trademark flair that Besson exhibited in *Nikita* and *The Professional*, but this is definitely made up for by one of the best aerial chase scenes ever (fuck you, Han Solo) and the film's sheer lunacy and rapid-fire pace. Definitely worth seeing.

—ROBIN SHORTT

★★★★

A SELF MADE HERO

Directed by Jacques Audiard

Electric Shadows

Rated M

Seated in Electric Shadow's blue cinema waiting for this French feature to begin, the sound of beautiful and compelling music filled the theatre. This was the music to which Albert Dehousse's life would unfold. Set in France and Germany, *A Self-Made Hero* takes a look at the world in the aftermath of WW II, at it's heroes and liars, and at the delightful tale of Dehousse for whom the distinguishing lines between hero and liar blur.

A film by Jacques Audiard, co-written with Alain le Henry, this movie is cleverly understated, resisting the temptation to force any issues down your throat. Witty and ironic, *A Self-Made Hero* easily slips into the ranks of high calibre French films, such as *The Three Colours* Trilogy and *City of Lost Children*. Quick, sharp, a little black, and very very clever.

The cleverness of this production comes from its concepts and their deft realisation. The story of an isolated young man who managed to become one of the greatest war heroes of

the French Resistance after the war was over, without actually doing any resisting, became almost be-

lievable. I was thinking "hey, yeah this could have actually happened" until the plot was pushed a little too far, deliberately I think, to bring reality crashing in.

One of the main faults with this feature was that the plot was cast into confusion with switching time frames. Stylised to resemble a documentary with little side interviews, it presented a nice twist to the retelling, but they became fake, unnecessary and ultimately confusing.

A Self-Made Hero is a film worth seeing. With a beautiful supporting cast, and strong defined women who so easily alter Albert's world, this is a story about achieving your dreams, this underpinned with the knowledge that the best lives are the ones we make up.

—ROSLYN DUNDAS

★★★

BREAKING THE WAVES

Directed by Lars von Trier

Centre Cinema

Rated R

Breaking the Waves is one of those love-hate films which invites both sniggers and tears, a vast romantic epic of melodramatic proportions that is as annoying as it is beguiling. Set in remote Scotland in the seventies, Lars von Trier draws us into a windy cold existence of strict Calvinism, into a community ruled by Elders who willingly consign dead sinners into an Old Testament hell. The edgy camera draws out the fresh life of Bess (Emily Watson) and her husband Jan (Stellan Skarsgard). Bess is naive, virginal, naughty and more than a little simple; Jan is the older weathered outsider, a foreign oil rig worker and slightly sleazy man of the world. You reel through their drunken marriage, consummation and sexual discovery into a love that is totally surprising, obsessive, and so unconscious as to make you smile in bittersweet jealousy. But the plot thickens into depressing futility when Jan is disabled on the oil rig, and Bess tries to save him by bargaining with God and playing out Jan's sexual fantasies. By the time Jan is in the hospital unable to walk and Bess is masturbating old men on the bus, several people had left the cinema; and I must admit I was tempted myself. But *Breaking the Waves* resists (if only barely) the temptation to slide into self-indulgent voyeurism, and redeems itself with tight direction and acting that is intuitively measured.

Face magazine called this "one of the best films ever made", and it's probably wise to treat it with a corresponding suspicion. *Breaking the Waves* is a sentimental film for grown ups, a sordid grand romance which treads the very fine line between great cinema and crappy melodramatic drivel. This is a soap opera that you can't help but watch, one that is ultimately frustrating because it keeps on promising a substance that you never



(above) Jan and Bess marry for love, not Austudy

quite catch. I admit that I was a little choked up by the end, but with the man in front of me sobbing and giant church bells pealing in the sky, it was hard to stifle a snigger.

—PENELOPE SACHER

theatre

THE WINTER'S TALE

By William Shakespeare

Canberra Theatre 23-31 May

According to director Adam Cook, *The Winter's Tale* has, "no such thing as a consistent style or genre". It was this stylistic inconsistency, however, both in play and production, which ultimately proved the downfall of this production from the Bell Shakespeare Company. Despite its enormous energy, particularly in the second half of the play, and some vibrant and earnest performances, the production suffered from a lack of intensity which caused its first half to sag unrelentingly and its second to drag interminably.

John Bell was disappointing as Leontes, the king who for no apparent reason becomes convinced that his wife is bearing the child of his best friend. With no motivation provided by the text for Leontes' jealousy, Bell has found a basis for it in contemporary notions of schizophrenia; and he was here rather subtly assisted by an effect approximating the screeching of violins whenever his soliloquies revealed jealous thoughts. This typified a common fault with the production, which on the whole tended towards the self-consciously theatrical.

The patchiness of the production extended to its design and costume, which spanned a confusing breadth from generic Victorian dress to something approximating the uniform of a fifties housewife. While stylistic difference is not of itself necessarily a detriment — and indeed *The Winter's Tale* is a play which particularly demands a wide scope in its stylistic execution — a film such as Baz Luhrmann's *Romeo and Juliet* illustrates how stylistic variation can be fruitfully incorporated into the context of an overarching vision. It was just such a vision which this production lacked, and so despite its competent and entertaining nature, it was not ultimately as successful as we might have expected from Australia's foremost Shakespearean theatre company.

—MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN

smash hits

album

The Stone Roses

All the hip kids were into the Stone Roses. I wasn't one of the hip kids, but I was still into the Stone Roses. I couldn't believe how good this album was when I first bought it, I thought that this band had single-handedly produced the greatest collection of rock tracks ever. Of course in those days I was a completely historically unaware dumb fuck, but it was year ten so I was allowed to be.

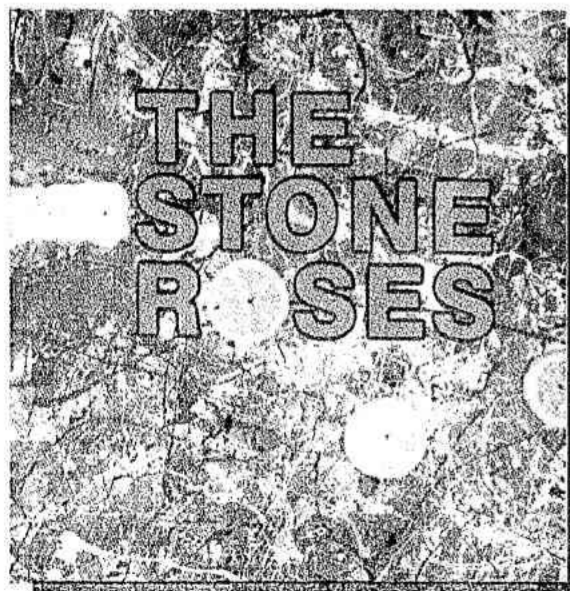
Now of course I realise that they owe a huge debt to shimmering jangly Byrds guitars, the too-cool-for-you Euro rock of The Fall, the beats of the emerging techno scene and New Order and even the epic length and minimalist structure of Television. But the sound that they created was not the least bit derivative. It was nothing if not understated and yet you could still dance to it. Their producer on this album was John Leckie, the father of the too-cool-for-you genre and producer for numerous trendy eighties bands such as the aforementioned The Fall, Simple Minds and Psychedelic Furs.

This album is icy and simultaneously moving. The opening track "I Wanna Be Adored" will never date, and successfully created that arrogant bastard image that try-hard dickheads like the Gallagher brothers would try and rip off. It still amazes me that lead singer Ian Brown's voice sounds so incredibly good when he has been known to more than disgrace himself live.

The much noted synthesis of dance and rock perfected by the guys of course reveals itself in the final track "Fools Gold" which became an anthem for indy kids the world over. A measure of their success in winning both the dance and rock crowd can be seen in the fact that the dance remix became so popular it became standard on all the reprints of the album.

Every song on this album shines beautifully, so it was an eternal pity that their much awaited follow-up *Second Coming* was such a big steaming pile of poo. Oh well. Maybe God never intended us to have a second Beatles.

—BRENDAN SHANAHAN



(above) The favourite album of skinny indy-kids world wide

book

The Neverending Story

The Neverending Story was essentially a book for skinny losers. The things I loved about it though was that all those real loser kids who were into sci-fi and, the absolute worst of all, fantasy, found it far too surreal and kept well away from it because they thought it was too weird.

The baleful world created by Michael Ende, whose name I found endlessly amusing and ironic, owed an obvious debt to *Alice in Wonderland*. Except for Sebastian, the loser kid who gets beaten up on a regular basis, the door to the other world was not a rabbit hole or mirror, but a book. But what separated this from Lewis Carroll was the dark Teutonic weirdness of the imagery.

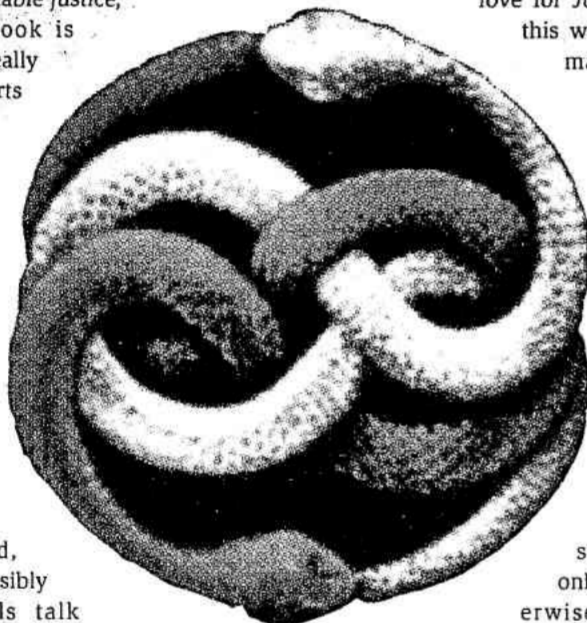
It's the second book where all this comes out from the shadows because although the first book is pretty good, and the film did do it reasonable justice, the second book is where all the really creepy stuff starts to happen.

Sebastian becomes transported to Fantasia which resembles German Medieval depictions of "far off and exotic lands". Sand dunes are multi coloured, trees are impossibly huge, animals talk (naturally) and Sebastian becomes increasingly tough and mean (aided by his new superstrength and almost total invulnerability) as he gradually forgets his earthly existence and gets sucked further into the temptations of being Fantasia's number one man (he did create the place after all).

Sinister elements of Sebastian's psyche begin to reveal themselves however and his journey becomes ever more tortured and aimless. He shacks up, in rather a suggestive situation, with a woman who essentially keeps him prisoner in the gilded cage of her Tardis-like house. He fights monsters, swims lakes of acid and eventually ends up near death working in a mine. But he learns a lesson in the end, and naturally there's a happy ending.

The Neverending Story was the book of my childhood. Its images were simultaneously frightening and beautiful, and never failed to remind me of a time in human history before there was such a thing as a rational conscious.

—ROLANDO FAIRVIEW



movie

Dirty Dancing

I saw this film at the Woden Cosmopolitan Twin cinemas in 1988. *The Princess Bride* was playing in the other cinema but I had no taste, bowed to the pressure of my girlie friends and went to see the sumptuous Patrick Swayze and delightful Jennifer Grey dance up a storm on the big screen.

This was one of the sexiest movies I'd ever seen. It hit the spot for an angsty, dreamy and tragically unloved adolescent. The story of gauche Baby who became sophisticated Frances had it all. Embarrassing situations, class rivalry, first love, leather clad rebel older man, scary family, moral dilemmas and bump and grind dancing. And who couldn't relate to that watermelon incident?

The prolonged sexual tension of dancing, bumping and grinding all came together for me in Baby's immortal declaration of

love for Johnny. Although this was, and still is a magic moment in cinema, I remain concerned about Jennifer's corsetry. Why the hell did she have to wear that matronly steel bra? It took my mind off the passion and focussed it on underwires and stiffening — the only blot on an otherwise moving love scene.

There followed of course, Johnny's downfall and dismissal from the camp, "She's like the wind" floated through our hearts. The farewell scene between Baby and Johnny was all the more poignant because I knew that it was Patrick Swayze singing "Feel her breath in my face/her body close to me/ Can't look in her eyes/she's outta my league/ Just a fool to believe I'd have anything she'd need/ she's like the wind".

Dirty Dancing was one of the first eighties flicks where the soundtrack was as important as the film. There were lots of sixties songs re-done by unknown studio bands and of course some more immortal pieces such as "I've had the time of my life" and "Hungry Eyes". It sold so well that the record company flogged off *Dirty Dancing 2*, a tape of even lesser known sixties songs sung by the same ignominious studio bands.

But even now I only have to hear "You're the one thing, that I can't get enough of, so I'll tell you something, this could be love" to feel it all again, to be swept away by passion and the promise of romance, to be back at a slumber party of girls watching Patrick Swayze mouthing the same words to Jennifer Grey and turning to mush inside.

—MICHAELA PETERS



(above) By the end of *Dirty Dancing*, Baby has learnt how to wear make-up, have sex, and perform the death-defying 'lift' pictured here

tv show

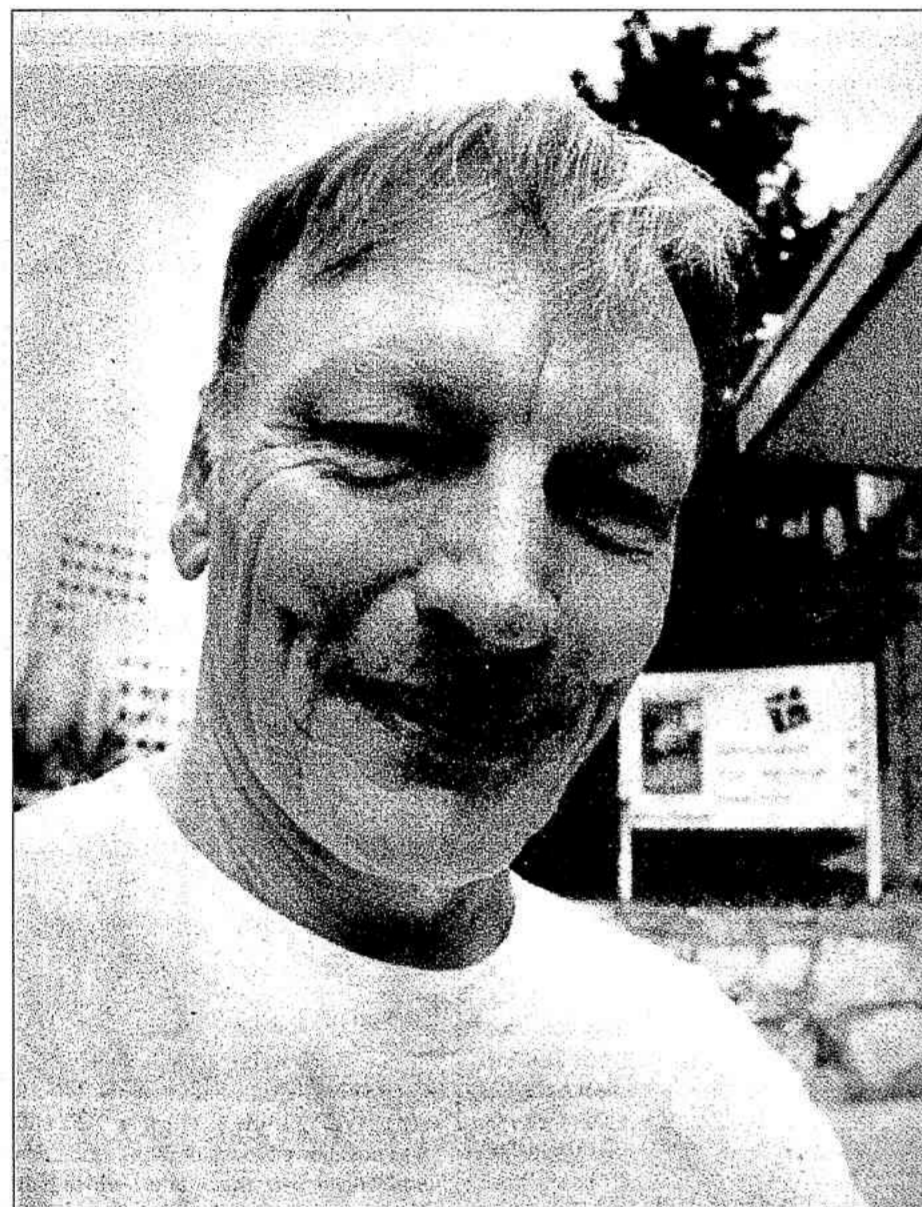
Prisoner

"You bloody stuupid bitch Noelene!" Ah yes, my favourite line from my favourite ever television show — *Prisoner*. As a child I was not allowed to watch *Prisoner* (or *Sons and Daughters* for that matter) which naturally caused a great deal of hypothesising on my part as to what the actual contents of the shows were. This eventually grew into a childhood fantasy programme of extreme sex and violence, an image that was simultaneously deflated and confirmed as I raptoriously threw myself during my teenage years into the into the late-night nether world of this classic Aussie soap.

Prisoner has the totally transfixing quality of an infomercial. Its daggy Aussieness is the televisual equivalent of a burnt snag and sauce washed down with a tinnie of VB. Whilst the plot lines are superb, its the characters that really suck you in; with everyone from Collette Man as the thick-as-a-brick Doreen, to your favourite sadist wardens and mine, "The Freak" and "Vinegar Tits", to the toughest bitch in Cell Block H — Bea Smith, a.k.a. Queen Bea. My all time favourite though was the unbelievably ferrety Noelene. This chick was so rough and ugly she gave people a Tripitaka style gender double take every time she appeared. She was completely convincing as a snitchin', bitchcin', connivin', truck-drivin' professional criminal. But she actually wasn't very tough, and in fact, was generally quite pathetic. Everything about her sucked really, from her looks to her dodgy daughter who died during a prison riot. But like the characters on the show I really didn't feel very sorry for her — and that's what made the show so realistic. You too become a hard-arsed bitch who wouldn't think twice about slamming someone's head in the steam iron or pushing a warden into a tumble dryer. So come, join me in a forbidden world of dykes, drugs and kettles smashed over heads — you know you'll like it.

—VINEGAR TITS

FLIPside I think you better



profile

Ring my Bell

John Bell is Australia's foremost Shakespearean actor, and one of the most prominent performers of his generation. His theatre group, the aptly titled Bell Shakespeare Company, has been entertaining Canberra audiences for years with innovative, exciting productions of Shakespearean classics. This year the season comprises two of the more difficult plays, *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*, both of which provide Bell with a chance to display his skills as a leading actor. Moreover, Bell has decided to open the season of both plays in Canberra, rather than in Melbourne or Sydney, to display his commitment to a national Australian theatre — the first time a major company has done so since the Australian Ballet and Australian Opera opened their productions at the Canberra Theatre in the 1970s. ANU Campus Amateur Dramatic Society president FIONA GREGORY spoke to Bell about *The Winter's Tale*, and his character of Leontes — the king who thinks without reason that his wife is carrying his best friend's child. Discussing marketing, madness, and make believe, Fi-fi and John reminisce about university drama, 'rough theatre' and punk versions of *Macbeth*.

The *Winter's Tale* is part of the Shakespearean canon known as the Romances; I've read one critic who described these plays as like a dream — they are quickly forgotten.

I think there was a time in the eighteenth century, but maybe more recently in the twenties and thirties when these plays were seen as a bit too spiritual and the history plays or the tragedies were more in vogue. Most people weren't able to understand these plays. But in more recent times, since the sixties I suppose, and currently, plays like *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* are among the most popular Shakespeare plays. It has to do with a revival in spiritual matters, whether it's New Age — which I think is pretty shallow — or whether it's alternatives to Christianity. We've seen in the last decade or so quite an upsurge in that kind of interest.

The Tempest, certainly, has been a great source of inspiration for poets, filmmakers and artists. Is your approach to that kind of much quoted text is different to your approach to that of a lesser known play, such as *The Winter's Tale*.

Good question. We did another one of the Romances, *Pericles*. We thought it was wonderful but it didn't draw the crowds. We hadn't marketed it properly. People thought it was a Greek tragedy or something. People didn't come because they didn't know

what it was about. They were apprehensive. So we've made an effort with *The Winter's Tale* to put a few hooks out. The caption we're running is 'What would you do if your wife was carrying your best friend's baby?' Fairly strong kind of marketing. The image we're using is kind of strong Francis Baconesque.

Shakespeare doesn't provide grounds for King Leontes' jealousy. How do you approach that as an actor, in the absence of what you might term

'classic motivation'?

Well, it's easy in terms of literary theory to view it as a mythological thing, or say it's just a fairy story, but as an actor you can't play that, you can't play states. So I took it to a qualified

psychiatrist in Macquarie Street, a specialist, and asked him to give a diagnosis. He said it sounded like the most classic case study of schizophrenia he'd come across.

How, then, do you attempt to act that?

Well, when I told him it was a play by Shakespeare he almost fell over, he didn't realize Shakespeare had gone into that kind of area. It's a disease that has been around for a long time, and Shakespeare obviously knew it, observed it and notated it very accurately.

I spoke to psychiatrists here and overseas, I watched documentaries they had produced, I spoke to Anne Deveson — who was a great help, and I spoke to a number of people with schizophrenia. The audience doesn't need to know what it is, but I know what it is so I can play it.

In your Nimrod Theatre days in the seventies you were committed to the production of 'rough theatre': theatre possessed of a tough vernacular. Do you still believe

in rough theatre, and do you think we can ever understand Shakespeare as one of its practitioners?

In fact the production of *Macbeth* we are touring to schools is very rough theatre. It's a punk kind of produc-

tion, a bit like *Trainspotting*. It's kind of soccer hooligans with leather jackets and iron bars, very rough, very violent. I think it works very well as a version of *Macbeth*. *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* weren't quite as rough in a sense. You could do a roughed up version of them, and I think a certain degree of roughness is always necessary.

Is this so especially in terms of playing to a young audience? What is your approach when creating for schools?

The approach is no different to that for adults. I think one has to treat a school audience exactly the same as an adult audience. You have to make the words as clear as possible and the story as accessible as possible. It's a mistake to condescend, or to lower your aesthetic standards to hook a particular audience. If we do theatrical lighting or costumes it's not because we're trying to make the play more palatable, but it's a way to express the play as it was done in its day and a way to recapture the shock value.

You were very involved in university drama. What do you think is the place of university drama?

I can only speak from my own experience, and it [university] was my training ground. I did Arts at Sydney University, and I spent most of my time acting with the Sydney University drama group, and I found it fantastic training for me. I was working with a number of people who were very talented and we could be quite outrageous. It was open slather really; you could do what you liked, in any way you liked. I think university drama is a great place for peers to push each other, to be quite outrageous and experimental and spend a lot of time being creative. It's a marvelous period in one's life to really stretch yourself in every direction, and acting's one of them.

j o h n b e l l

footnotes

www.nerd.com

Besides Debating Society losers, computer geeks are, without doubt, the most deserving of their position on the lowest rung of the university food chain. These hideously vacuous individuals lead lives that are as utterly aimless as the Net itself. Computer geeks participate in what could only be described as the biggest mutual wank on earth. They throw pointless information back and forth in a motion closely resembling the flogging of the proverbial schlong — with results that are just as impotent.

The other day I was reading that a government forum for feminism was worried that women were not utilising the Internet. Helloooooo! This is obviously because women have made the decision that prostate cancer and the Internet are two things men can keep for themselves. Sensibly so, have you actually ever been into a computer room? Firstly, why don't they just open some fuckin' windows — these guys reek! I mean I've been to an abattoir, a sewage works and a phosphate factory and the smell of those places provided me with fond memories during my stay to check my e-mail. The personal hygiene of the occupants of a computer room is in no way helped by the fact that they a) have not moved from their game of on-line Doom for over a month to either take a shower or defecate, and b) invariably have a surface area roughly in approximation to that of the average hockey field.

Why oh why do we have to hear every detail of a nerd's boring life at approximately the same level of noise which residents of Sydney are currently receiving from the third runway. ("Nerd 1, having just checked his e-mail, is currently laughing in a high-pitched hysterical manner) Ha Haaaaa! Melanie just dumped you for 'Axe Wielder'. (Nerd 2, laughing along sheepishly in a manner suggestive that their will be plenty more on-line babes where they came from) "Oh that stupid bitch doesn't know something good when she sees it Jethro. (At this point he is secretly thinking, "Gosh with a witty name like 'Axe Wielder' it's little wonder that she did — 'Big Dick' is still pretty funny but... I think.")"

Do you realise the bollocks these socially retarded morons look-up all day? Apart from the obvious chat-

clubs, *Star Trek* homepages, on-line Dungeons and Dragons etc., their specialty is to take otherwise cool stuff and completely debase it beyond recognition. Take their *Simpsons* obsession. If I have to be subjected to yet another animation of Homer saying "D'oh" or Bart



saying "Rad", subsequently being greeted by rapturous applause from the other nerds, I will ram someone's head right through a screen and then insert a mouse in a manner reminiscent of Warren Beatty's famous incident with a gerbil.

They embarrass themselves further by wearing those *Late Show* caps. They don't seem to realise that the guys who did the *Late Show* are so cool they simply decided to release those so that they could laugh at the nerd

walking down the street wearing a plain black baseball cap with a transfer that cost the ABC two dollars to make and cost these guys \$35. My other favourite is the *Red Dwarf* t-shirt. The fact that these guys would go out and actually spend money on merchandise for what was a moderately funny television series and thereby ruin it for anyone who may just want to watch it without visiting the "Really Cool *Red Dwarf* Home Page" wherein they can download graphics of Rimmer doing hilariously rude things, I think speaks volumes about why trying too hard ought to be the eighth deadly sin.

A recent edict by the student e-mail server (the guy affectionately known as "The Postie" and the Davros of computer nerds) stated that people were no longer allowed to be checking their mail more than, wait for it, 150 times a day. That's right kids! — 150 times. In order to find out how much of a loser someone who checks their mail 150 times a day is on the Richter scale of loserism simply take this figure, times it by the number of times they laugh out loud in a computer room and you'll soon find yourself having to invent a whole new scale in order to cope with the findings. I mean **one hundred and fifty times a day!** What else is there to do in a day if you're checking your e-mail that often? Obviously the aforementioned bathing, but it's also more than likely that anything resembling study is ignored too, and if there's one thing that pisses me off about computer nerds it's the fact that everyone thinks they're intelligent. They're not intelligent! They're like Barry Jones or Dustin Hoffman's character in *Rainman* — able to remember enormous streams of crap but not able to do a bloody thing with it.

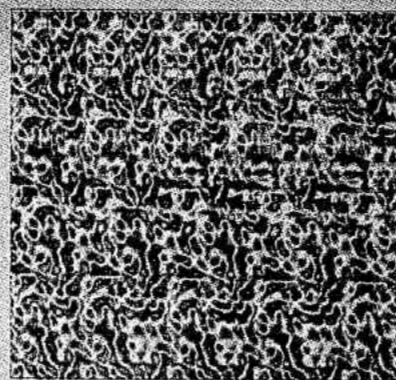
So finally a warning. Next time you're in a computer room at the ANU and get that urge to look up the "Thousand Mistakes in *Star Trek: the Next Generation* Homepage" and have a good chuckle to yourself, or have a very public on-line chat with the person sitting beside you — don't, or the act of double clicking will require a miniature flash light, a long index finger and a surgical glove.

—VINEGAR TITS

Next issue:

Woroni goes 3D. As a homage to an art form which spawned such masterpieces as *A Nightmare on Elm Street 6: Freddy's Dead*, and the chilling *Jaws 4*, the next issue will only be able to be viewed with the aid of cardboard red and green goggles.

Miss it and miss out.



(above) A sneak preview of next issue's controversial cover

classifieds

Accommodation information on the World Wide Web: University Accommodation Services maintains a list of accommodation wanted and available on the WWW: <http://www.anu.edu.au/admin/housing/occom.html>.

Available: removalist, can move things to or from anywhere in Canberra. Call Richard on 2577046.

Available: Baby sitter, qualified teacher/childcare worker, available mornings, evenings, weekends. Call Shoshanna on 2577046.

For rent: Two rooms in Hackett. Suit friendly, mature, responsible non-smokers \$60 p/wk each. Call Jenny on 2498460.

For rent: room in Braddon, \$73 p/w,

with two males and one female. Excellent location, sunny roomy house. Call 2479964.

Boarder wanted: Mature non-smoking gent wanted to board in Turner. Very close to ANU. Phone 257 5129.

Wanted: Person to share 3 bedroom home in Campbell. Small amount of baby sitting in return for free rent. Call Mandy on 2471684 (h), or 2876414 (w)

For sale: single futon bed, hardwood base, as new mattress, 12months old, bought new, \$100 ono. ph ASAP 2472893.

For sale: Kitchen utensils — microwavable steamer (\$4), soup pot (\$10), 2L plastic containers (50c),

lunch box (\$1.50), espresso set (\$2), laundry basket (\$4), desk lamp (\$10), indoor TV antenna (\$10). Call 2799186.

For sale: Intel pentium, 1.6.0 MB RAM, colour monitor, 8X speed CD ROM (\$1450) and laser printer (\$250). Call Pao on 2496868 after 6pm.

For sale: Frigidaire refrigerator, 100% CFC free (\$280), Maxim electronic snack pan (\$12), Goldair portable heater (\$50), Linda electric kettle (\$10). Call 2799186.

Spanish tutor: Native Spanish speaker, experience as a foreign language teacher, low rates. Call Claudia on 2585308.

Therapeutic massage: Do you have a

headache or sore muscles? Are you stressed? You need a therapeutic massage. \$25/hr, call Leandra on 2888868.

Wanted: Volunteer typists. The disability support unit urgently needs volunteer typists willing to sit with a PhD student with a disability on a regular basis (flexible hours) to assist with typing theses. Contact Margaret Miller on 2495036 (9am-1pm), or email: Miller@anu.edu.au.

Wanted: Assistant to help write up for publication health/science articles. No funding to pay any wages, but can offer second authorship. Sound and consistent publication record. Contact Anne McGown of the UC Psychology Department on 2012950, or email

McGown@science.canberra.edu.au..

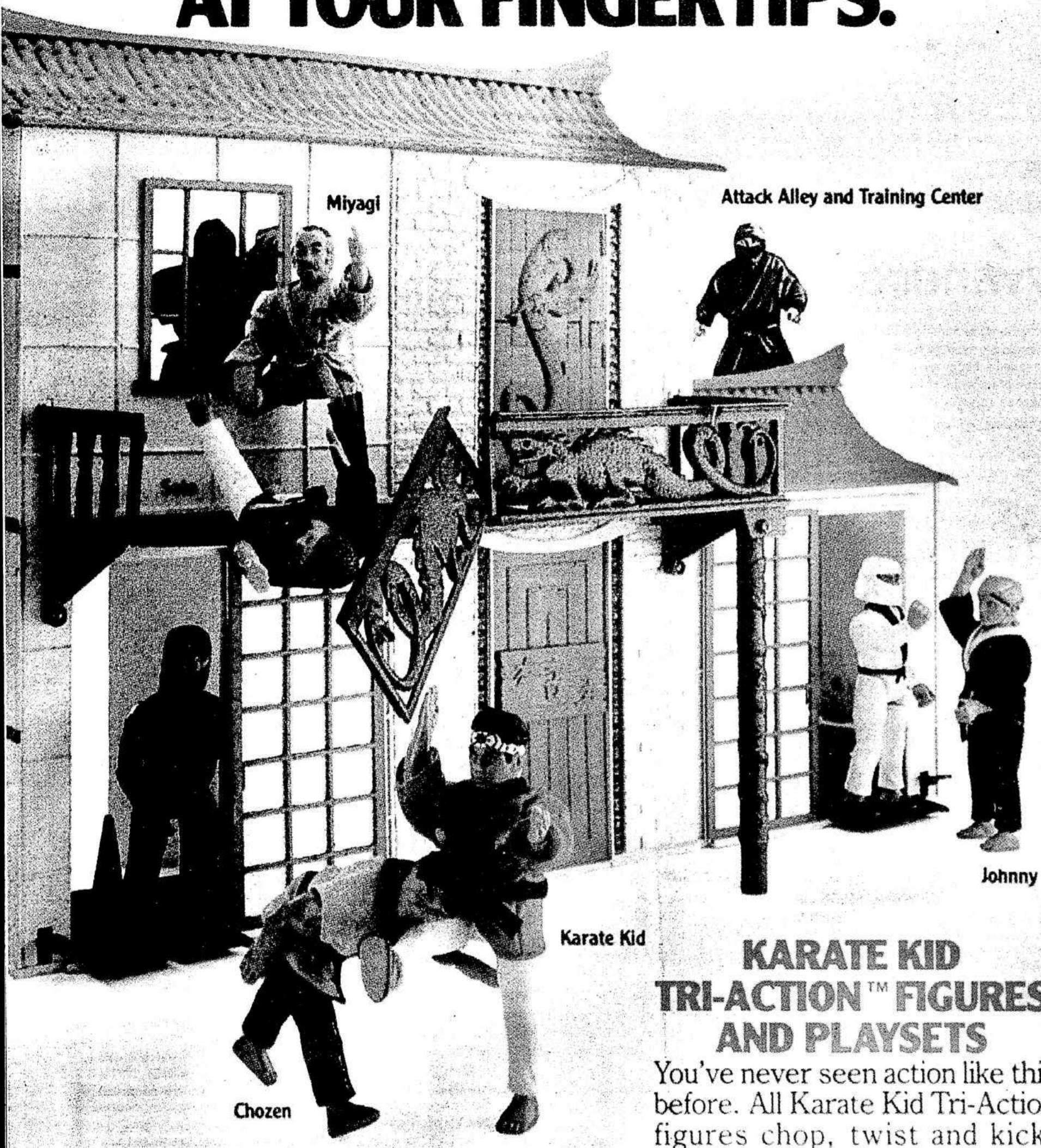
Wanted: CLUTIE needs a drummer/percussionist and a bass player. If you have enthusiasm, a sense of humour and a little bit of commitment to something you enjoy, call Anton (2396156) or Bartek (2953479).

Modern Hebrew lessons: For beginners, every Sunday 3pm at the National Jewish Centre. Phone Ethan on 2305321 for any queries.

If you would like to place a free classified in *Woroni*, call us on 248 7127, or drop your ad into the *Woroni* office (limit of 30 words per ad).

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